

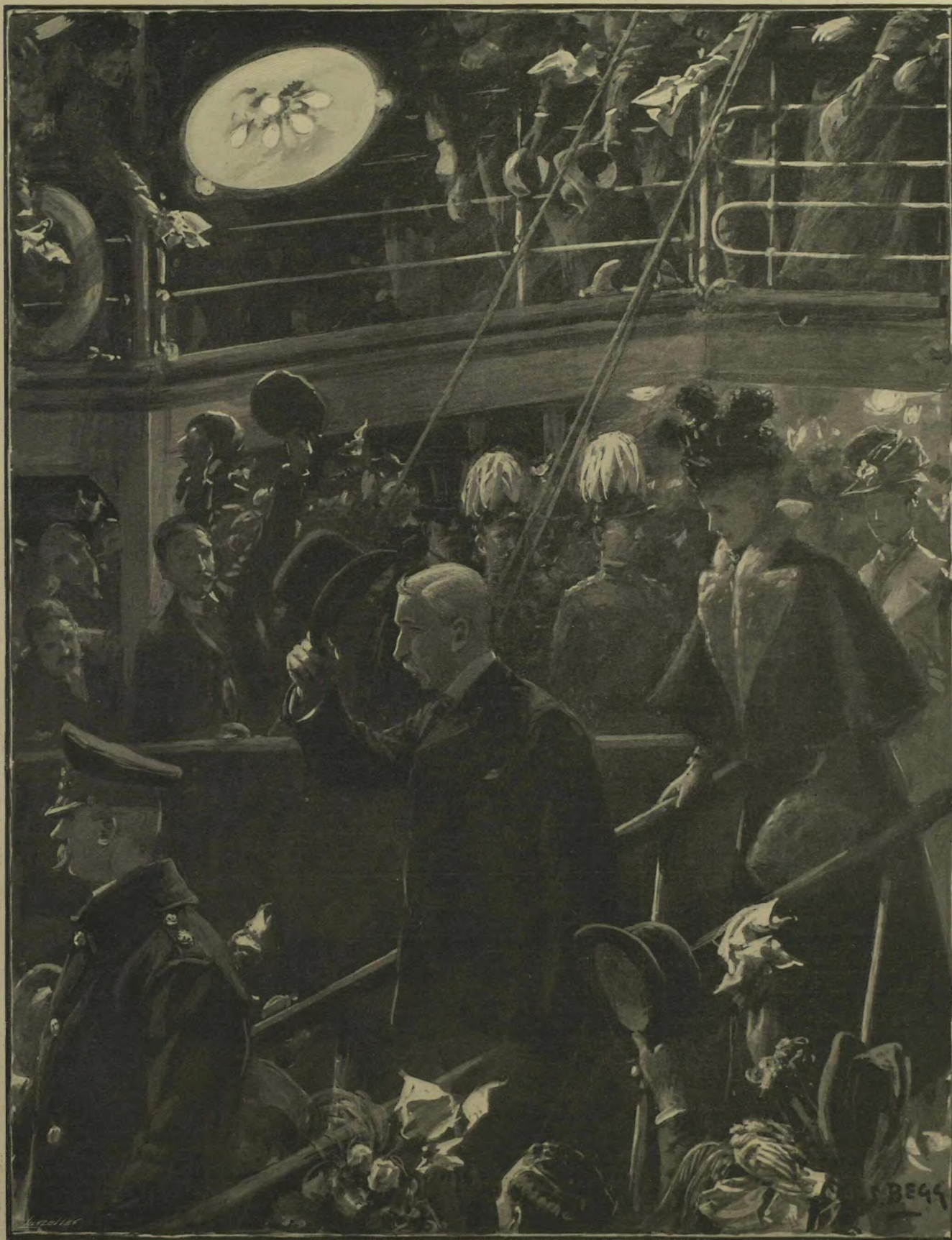
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3213.—VOL. CXVII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1900.

SIXPENCE.



THE RETURN OF GENERAL BULLER: THE ARRIVAL AT SOUTHAMPTON ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 9.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. S. Begg.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

There is a kind of advertisement that has for me an absorbing fascination. It often occupies a large space in the evening papers, and as soon as my eye lights upon it, I become indifferent to the news from South Africa or China, and the reconstruction of the Ministry may go hang. What matters *Do Wet* or the Dowager-Empress when you are rapt in an artful treatise on bunions, the cause of them, and the infallible remedy? It seems that if you buy half a ton or so of a particular salt (see that it bears the maker's name, for no other is genuine), and sprinkle a little on your daily muffin, six months hence you and the bunion will be parted for ever. That is the commonplace, practical side of the treatise that takes me captive of an afternoon; but its real charm is in the consummate skill with which the writer makes you believe that you have bunions, or are about to have them, that they are your heritage from a dissolute but distinguished ancestor, that the hereditary bunion is something to be proud of, like the coat-of-arms that has come down from the noble highwayman who lived in times when offences against property supplied the breath of high-spirited adventure.

I should like to know the magician who persuades me of all this. Is he a secluded genius with no interest in life save the welfare of his species? Or are his merits under a cloud of destiny, as Captain Shandon's were when he wrote the prospectus of the *Pull Mall Gazette*? The Captain said that the new journal was to be written by gentlemen for gentlemen, and I detect the same elevated spirit in the fascinating advertisement; for is it not clear that the bunion is bequeathed by gentility to its fortunate descendants? Now I am glad to note that this remarkable inspiration has been caught in another sphere. The prophet of the bunion has a rival among the publishers. I learn from the advertisement of a new novel that it is "a tonic to the mind's health." This is an excellent beginning. Presently, no doubt, the idea will be expanded, and every malady of the mind will have its novelist in one volume at six shillings. Then the advertisement will run like this: "Readers who suffer from acute depression will find this novel an excellent and palatable restorative. It may be expedient at first to limit the dose to three pages before bed-time, increasing it to a chapter at the end of a week. Make sure of the author's name, so as to avoid worthless imitations. Sold by all chemists."

The difficulty about this mind-curing is that it dispenses with specific diagnosis. A bunion is a bunion, and a little salt on the muffins is just as likely to cure your bunion as to cure your neighbours'. But the mind is a complicated and perverse nursery of disorders, and if the publisher does not even call upon me to feel my mental pulse, how is he to know the proper tonic for my case? Let me suggest that he should engage a man of tact, a bit of a thought-reader, an industrious diner-out, to feel that mental pulse in society, and prescribe to his companion at dinner the fiction that is most congenial to her symptoms. He should not be too young, but mature enough to address the lady as "My dear child," as if he were a family physician, and even to enforce the prescription by gently patting her hand at parting. In some cases he might go so far as to propose that he should read the book aloud to her for an hour before tea-time. I say that a man who carried success to that point would be worth a considerable salary to a publisher. At all events, if the "tonic to the mind's health" is to be pushed in the market with real energy, some such plan as I have sketched will have to be adopted.

I had occasion lately to spend a term of convalescence at Brighton, and searched diligently for tonics in the library of the Hotel Metropole. It struck me that I had never read "Guy Livingstone"; so I sat down to the adventures of the heavy dragoon with the "etern and pitiless" chin. As a boy, he was naughty but dull; as an undergraduate, he showed his Norman blood by flooring a plebeian pugilist; as a cavalry officer, he played havoc among feminine hearts, and kissed a forward young woman in the conservatory when his lawful lady-love was hidden behind the flower-pots. All this, in its day, was supposed to be virile, splendidly brutal, and so forth. To me it seemed feeble and brainless. Compare it with Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Richard Yea-and-Nay," that marvellous reincarnation of *Cœur-de-Lion*, brimming with passionate strength in every page, and you see the difference between true virility and the cheap and empty simulacrum. From "Guy Livingstone" I took refuge in Bacon's Essays; but, by sad mischance, lighted upon the essay on love. Never has a great philosopher shown so dismal a lack of comprehension as Bacon shows in that performance. Love, says he, "this weak passion," is fit only for stage-plays. What do the people who believe Bacon to be the author of *Shakespeare* make of that? Is it a likely sentiment for the poet who wrote "Romeo and Juliet"? Bacon admits that some of the world's prodigies have condescended to love. He deprecates the case of Antony, and supposes that the perils of war make love a recompense to a martial nature! I did not find any mind- tonic in this, but plunged into Montaigne, who, praise Heaven! is not a superior person.

How many of us have been kindly endowed by our friends with "doubles"? So far, my "double" has made only a single appearance—at one end of a room when I happened to be at the other. This does not seem to be significant of much; indeed, it might be regarded as a useless manifestation. The really active "double" I take it, goes on duty when the original body is occupied elsewhere. There is the case of the midshipman who appeared to one of his sisters late at night, with water streaming from his clothes. "What on earth are you doing here?" she asked, having excellent reason to believe that he was with his ship hundreds of miles away. "Don't tell anybody you have seen me," said he, and vanished. Three months later, the midshipman came home, well and hearty. When he heard of this incident, he explained that at that very moment he had been saved from drowning. Absent from his ship without leave, he was returning secretly, when the boat capsized, and as soon as he regained consciousness he said to the tars who had rescued him, "Don't tell anybody you have seen me." A very natural remark in such circumstances; but why should his "double" repeat it in the kitchen at home and scare his sister?

A lady described to me recently how she had seen the "double" of her sister-in-law. Quite early one evening the sister-in-law, who had gone to a party, was observed on the stairs going towards the room where her child was sleeping in the care of the nurse. My friend called out, "Are you back already?" but received no answer. A few minutes later, wondering that the sister-in-law had not joined the rest of the family, she saw the nurse, who said that her mistress had come into the room, looked attentively at the child, and then retired without a word. This seemed odd, but it was supposed that she had paid a flying visit to see the child, who was not very well, and had then gone back to the party. When she came home, however, she denied all knowledge of this visit. It had been made by the "double." Is this, after all, a case of telepathy? Could the mother's anxiety for her child communicate itself so forcibly to people at a distance that they thought they saw her where she certainly was not? Did the midshipman, just snatched from death, think so vividly of his sister as to reproduce his condition in her mental vision?

Some of my correspondents are bolder than this in speculation. One at Edinburgh favours me with an eloquent letter on the fitness of woman for the ministry. The praiseworthy endeavours of the clergy, he says, have not succeeded in filling the churches with the masculine laity. Why not allow woman to try her sweet persuasion in the pulpit? "From the time of the foundation of Christianity down to the present day, the faith, piety, and goodness of Christian women have always been pre-eminent." They have; but there was an Apostle who objected strongly, all the same, to the employment of women as preachers, and his opinion is still sustained in these islands. "In America," says my correspondent, "the success of lady ministers has been as instantaneous as it has been complete." America has a greater audacity in religious and social experiments than our conservative land. But why doesn't my correspondent start an agitation in Scotland? Once let the voice of woman be lifted in exhortation in the kirk, and the rest will be easy. John Knox, I suspect, would not have tolerated women in the pulpit, and he may have left a few stout obstacles in the prejudices of his countrymen. Overcome them, my friend, and then you may conquer England at your leisure.

Should woman ever join our company of the preachers, she will be eloquent but not theological. Her mind, I fancy, is not doctrinal; her spiritual graces have no inclination towards what is called divinity in the colleges. She will not pore over the early Christian Fathers. I doubt whether the illegal ritual which embarrasses Bishops will have much attraction for her independent temper. In the pulpit she is likely to discard theology, and address herself to questions of conduct. With a congregation of curious men to inspire her, this ought to be a fruitful and exciting topic; but I am not so sure as my Edinburgh correspondent that it would fill a church for ever with devout and submissive males. There would be a grave danger that the Sunday sermon would strike shallow and suspicious minds as a mere repetition of the curtain-lecture. I have heard sermons in nearly all the Christian communions, and do not remember one that could have disquieted the average man's self-esteem. But would the average man enjoy the pulpit oratory of a fearless woman, contemptuous of the generalities of theological professors?

Another correspondent approaches me with a less weighty matter. "Can nothing be done," he asks, "to extinguish the threepenny-bit? This wretched coin excites more evil passions than the love of gold. If you want to know the bitterness of life, pay a cabman an eighteenpenny fare in threepenny-bits. 'Look 'ere,' shouted one cabby at me the other day, when I presented him with a handful, 'I don't want no bloomin' churchwardens in my cab. You've bagged these from the collectin'-plate!' I gave a threepenny-bit to a beggar, and he ran after me. 'Arf a mo', guv'nor,' he said; 'this 'ere coin ain't no use to me. It's got a 'ole in it!' His indignation was quite genuine. A threepenny-bit with a hole in it is an insult and a fraud!"

SOUTH AFRICA AND CHINA.

A good many reverses, which may count as small reverses if from ten to fifteen thousand men are still left in the field, have befallen the Boers during the last few days. A little bit of luck fell to a small party of them, who, nine miles from Kimberley, captured a military traction-engine drawing trucks loaded with stores. General Sittler's column was at once heard of as actively operating in the neighbourhood, which will probably yield no further opportunities to the foe. Bloemfontein, too, has had a slight recurrence of uneasiness, refugees from the country around coming into town under fear of Boer raiders. General Baden-Powell is devising a plan for the placing of a strong patrol in each of the disturbed districts, with fortified posts for its base.

Meanwhile the successes of the British troops which have to be recorded begin with a victory gained over Steyn and De Wet three miles away from Bothaville. Colonel Le Gallais, by a quick march under very unfavourable conditions, surprised the enemy, a thousand strong. A hard fight, lasting five hours, ensued; and then, thanks to the arrival of Colonel De Lisle's mounted infantry, the Boers fled, leaving twenty-five dead and thirty wounded on the field. The British took several guns (among them some of their own property), a great deal of ammunition, and one hundred prisoners. The cost was relatively heavy, for Colonel Le Gallais himself, two other officers, and eight men were killed; seven officers and twenty-six men wounded. Important operations were conducted with success in the neighbourhood of Belfast by General Smith-Dorrien, before whom the enemy fell back, but very stubbornly, to the east of the Komati River. The first day's fighting gave us casualties of six killed and twenty wounded. On the next day the Boers tried to recover lost ground, but were prevented by Colonel Evans with the Canadian Mounted Rifles and two guns of the 84th Battery. A gallop of two miles enabled them to seize an advantageous position in the nick of time. The rear on the return march was defended by Colonel Lessard with the Canadian Dragoons and two Royal Canadian guns. Lord Roberts gives great praise to these troops for their skill and gallantry in keeping the enemy off the infantry and convoys. They needed all their wits. At one point some two hundred Boers suddenly charged the rearguard to within seventy yards. Sixteen Canadians fell into their hands, were kindly treated, and released. Two killed and twelve wounded was our list of casualties.

Phillipolis has been reoccupied by the British after four hours of not very deadly fighting. Commandants Syman and Vermaas were surprised by Lord Methuen between Ottoshoop and Lichtenburg, so that three Boers were killed and thirty captured, with no casualties on our part. At Nigel, near Heidelberg, the 3rd King's Royal Rifles were called upon to defend themselves from an attack, and did so with success. General F. Kitchener reports from Lydenburg a surprise of the enemy, who lost heavily. Colonel Plumer, while covering the movements of General Paget's column with his mounted troops, was daringly attacked by Delarey's men, who lost two killed and sixteen prisoners. General Bruce Hamilton, advancing from Kroonstad, expected a fight at Doornkop, but found it already evacuated.

Skirmishes with small parties of Boers are chronicled by Rundle in Harrismith, Reitz, and Vrede districts. Paget reports that a patrol of Queensland Bushmen captured six of the enemy near Pienars River, and General Douglas's column, on its way to Klerksdorp, has occupied Ventersdorp, where twenty-one prisoners and a large supply of cattle were taken. The disbanding of the Boers into small parties adds in some minor ways to the difficulties and dangers of the situation. But soldiers do not complain if their enemy chooses the most effective way of defending himself and of making himself as unpleasant as he possibly can. Dr. Conan Doyle has put forward, on this point, a plea for patience, which is seconded by a large amount of military opinion. His contention is that the delay in bringing the war to a close will be well repaid in the future by the impression left on the Boer mind that Great Britain means to do thoroughly what it does at all. The comparatively quick conquest of Ashanti has left behind it a train of troubles. Every band of Boer braves who remain unquelled will be a menace to future peace.

CHINA.

China, so far as it is possible to judge, will accede to all the terms of the conjoint Note save one. That one point, about which there is hesitation, is the demand of the death-penalty on eleven Princes and officials guilty of complicity with the "Boxer" movement and its atrocities. Germany, England, and France especially lay stress on the "worthy punishment" of those to whose action the horrors of last summer are directly due. The other conditions accepted by China are sufficiently drastic to be very unwelcome. China is to set up a monument to Baron von Ketteler on the site of his murder, and is to send an imperial Prince to Germany with an apology. Wherever outrages have occurred, the provincial examinations are to be suspended for five years. In future, all officials who fail to make due provision against outrages on foreigners in their districts are to be immediately deposed and punished. An indemnity shall be paid to States, corporations, and individuals. The intolerable Tsungli Yamen is to be abolished, and a responsible Foreign Minister put in its place. Rational intercourse with the Emperor is to be permitted. The Taku forts and other forts on the west of Chi-li shall be razed, and the importation of arms and war-material prohibited. Imperial proclamations against the "Boxers" are to be posted for two years.

Meanwhile some active measures have been taken to give definite force to these demands. The Provincial Treasurer and Tartar Governor of Pao-ting-fu have been beheaded because foreigners were murdered there; the municipal councillors have been fined, and a part of the city walls has been destroyed. Chung-li, President of the Board of Revenue, has been arrested by the French near Peking. General Campbell, on his return from Pao-ting-fu to Tientsin, has destroyed twenty-six villages. Manchuria has practically been taken over by Russia, by "right of conquest," though "protection" is the phrase now used.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"PATIENCE" REVIVED AT THE SAVOY.

"Patience" always one of the most tuneful and quaint of the famous series of Savoy operas, suffers on a revival far less from its anachronistic satire than might have been imagined. True, the aesthetic movement is dead, and with it Mr. Gilbert's caricature of aesthetic extravagances. But the librettist's fun did not confine itself to "greenery-gallery" humours, and "Patience" has still its droll as well as its poetic moments, while its music—some of the sprightliest and daintiest Sir Arthur Sullivan ever composed—retains, after nineteen years, all its original freshness. Savoyards, indeed, on the night of the opera's reproduction, appeared as though they could never hear enough of such favourite numbers as the fable of the silver churn, the heroine's ballad of true love, and Lady Jane's mock-lament over her fast-fading charms, capably rendered as they were by Mr. Lytton, pretty Miss Jay, and the invaluable Miss Brandram respectively, not to mention various concerted pieces wherein the new Bunthorne, Mr. Passmore, subduing his low comedy instincts with amusing difficulty, won his share also of popular approval. Admirably mounted and sympathetically interpreted, "Patience" may quite possibly embarrass Mr. D'Oyly Carte by its unexpected vitality.

"AS YOU LIKE IT," AT THE COURT.

Mr. Vanderfelt's season at the Court has not started very auspiciously. On the opening night the manager was too ill to appear himself, and his company supplied but a very indifferent performance of the rather hackneyed "As You Like It." The part of Orlando fell to Mr. A. B. Cross, an actor who missed none of the conventional points, but showed little poetic or romantic imagination. Mrs. Constance Stuart's Rosalind, again, might have been the work of an aspiring amateur, so exasperatingly artificial was her reading, with its mincing affectations and perpetual smile. In fact, the only memorable features of the revival were Mr. Harry Paulton's most sardonic Touchstone and the refined elocution of Mr. Norman Forbes in the rôle of Jacques.

"THE GAY PRETENDERS," AT THE GLOBE.

To resuscitate old-fashioned opera-bouffe, to write a historical burlesque round the impostures of Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck, was a happy idea, had it been carried out with any ingenuity. But this skill was most lamentably absent, and Mr. John Coates's singing was the only redeeming feature in a dull and stupid performance. One pretty quality of the production deserves mention—its admirable mounting: the Tudor costumes (of Mr. Percy Anderson's designing) are so picturesque and picturesquely grouped as almost to atone for the play's fatuity.

"THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT," AT THE FULHAM GRAND.

"The Likeness of the Night" would be justified of its existence by the mere fact that it provides Mrs. Kendal with one of the great acting triumphs of her career, but Mrs. Clifford's new play has positive merits of its own. Full as it is of soliloquies, coincidences, and tricks of the theatre, wearisome as may be the comic relief provided by its young engaged couple, it is a straight-forward, poignant drama, neatly constructed, simply developed, and conducted to an inevitable if rather too moralised conclusion. Its resemblance to Mr. Grundy's less artistic work, "A Debt of Honour," is not quite so close as Mrs. Clifford imagines, though in both cases the action turns on the difficulties of a successful barrister, whose wife, married by him for position, discovers that he has supported an establishment for another woman. Here, however, it is the wife, supposed by the pair to be ignorant of their intrigue, who solves the situation by taking her own life, the wife whose dead body stands in the way of the future love of the survivors. Here, too, it is the wife, a meek, inarticulate, plain, middle-aged woman, hungering for love that she can never obtain, who furnishes the grand acting opportunities. The farewell scene between this sad creature, going to her death, and her embarrassed husband is rendered indescribably pathetic, overpoweringly affecting, by Mrs. Kendal's unique and consummate art—the perfectly natural art of the greatest of English actresses.

"THE CASINO GIRL" IMPROVED AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

The Shaftesbury management advertises its revised version of "The Casino Girl" as "practically a new entertainment." If this were fact, it would mark an unfortunate change, for the third of Mr. Lederer's musical comedies had many good points about it—a bright new leading lady, Miss Gillman, an ever-amusing comedian, Mr. Sullivan, several clever subordinate players, and a constant ripple of gay melody. But the phrase is only an American exaggeration after all. "The Casino Girl" retains all the best of her old attractions and has only acquired a few fresh charms, new songs and dances, and dances and merriment, while at the same time reinforced by a whole troop of newly imported and, of course, pretty choristers. So that while "The Belle of New York" remains still unrivalled her successor shows distinct signs of improvement.

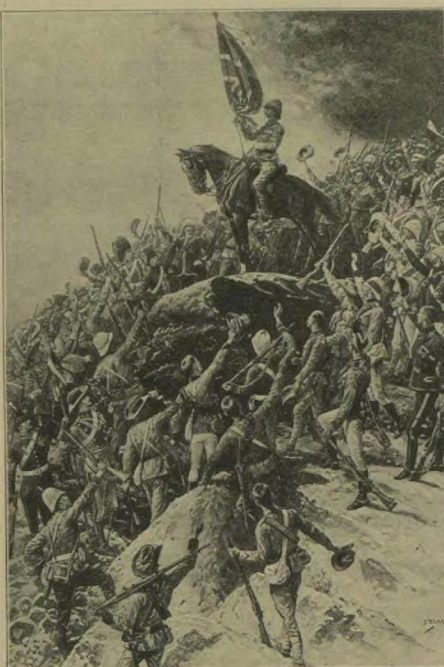
THE FANCY DRESS BALL AT COVENT GARDEN.

Against the wet and the cold of the autumn and winter months can always be set certain countervailing advantages in town, and not the least of these are the Covent Garden Fancy Dress Balls. This season they have been carried on with unusual success. The prizes offered for the most attractive or original costumes—diamond brooches, a piano, a silver toilet service, candelabra, etc.—have been exceptionally valuable. But such a competition interests but the few, and the majority of spectators and dancers alike were more concerned in whole-hearted amusement.

ENTERTAINMENTS AT THE VARIETY THEATRES.

The variety theatres, with their bright lights and their ever-changing programmes, are never more popular than in dull and misty November, and their popularity just now is fully deserved. The Alhambra directorate, for instance, shrewdly consulting the military sentiment of the time, is presenting a couple of picturesque ballets, "The Handy Man" and "Soldiers of the Queen," which glorify in turn each of the services. The Empire, which prefers in its new diversissement to carry its patrons to an imaginary

"Seaside," can boast also its "special war pictures." At the Palace the veteran manager, Mr. Morton, is always on the look-out for novelty, and has engaged Miss Aida Jenouie and Mr. Herbert Campbell to assist in a most attractive general entertainment. On the other hand, the new feature at the Syndicate Halls is the return of the piquant "chanteuse," Mlle. Marguerite Cornille, though both the Oxford and the Tivoli claim the help of such old favourites as Mr. Dan Leno and Mr. Harry Randall. Finally, the Hippodrome, not content with the fine spectacular effects of "Siberia," offers a new sensation in that wonderful calculator, Inaudi, the "human phonograph."



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Ready Nov. 26.

THE Christmas Number

OF THE

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NOTE.

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MISS MAUD JEFFRIES AS MARIAMNE.



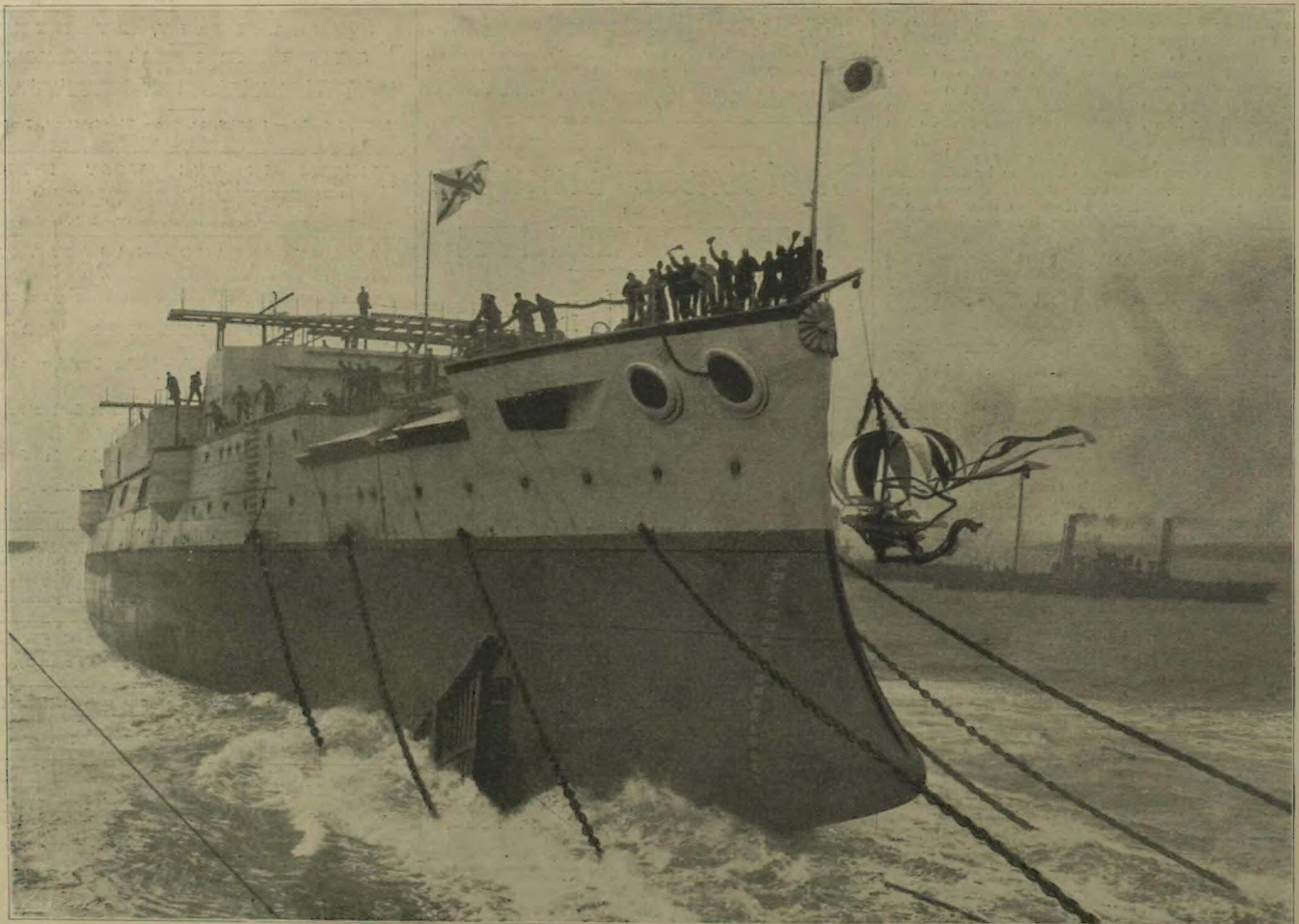
MR. BEERBOOM TREE AS HEROD.



MISS ELEANOR CALHOUN AS SALOME.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S NEW PLAY, "HEROD," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Langher.



THE LAUNCH, AT BARROW, OF THE LARGEST BATTLE-SHIP IN THE WORLD: THE NEW JAPANESE MAN-OF-WAR "MIKASA."

The interesting point of the ceremony was the release of twelve pigeons from a cage on a small circular platform attached to a red and white balloon. This is a characteristic of the launch of Japanese battle-ships.

Loretta (Miss Evelyn Millard).

Max (Mr. Herbert Waring).



1. Outside the Castle of Andlau (Act III.)

2. Flegel (Mr. J. Willes).

3. The Oath of the Swashbucklers.

MR. LOUIS N. PARKER'S NEW PLAY, "THE SWASHBUCKLER," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

Drawn at the Dress Rehearsal by Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MANSION HOUSE BANQUET.

The scene at the Guildhall on the historic Ninth of November is always a brilliant one; and this year, as may be imagined, the elements of interest were greater than ever. Lord Salisbury, fresh from his task of Cabinet-making; Mr. St. John Brodrick, on the eve of first-class rank in statesmanship; Mr. Goschen, saying his own good-bye to the Admiralty and mingling with it a greeting to Lord Selborne; the new Lord Chief Justice, and the new Home Secretary; Colonel Mackinnon and Mr. Schomberg McDonnell in khaki—all these and a crowd of others, on whom rest at this moment special responsibilities and honours, were gathered around the chair of the Lord Mayor, himself new to office. The speech of Lord Salisbury was, of course, the speech of the evening, though Mr. Choate was particularly happy, after the manner of American Ambassadors, in his own shorter oration.

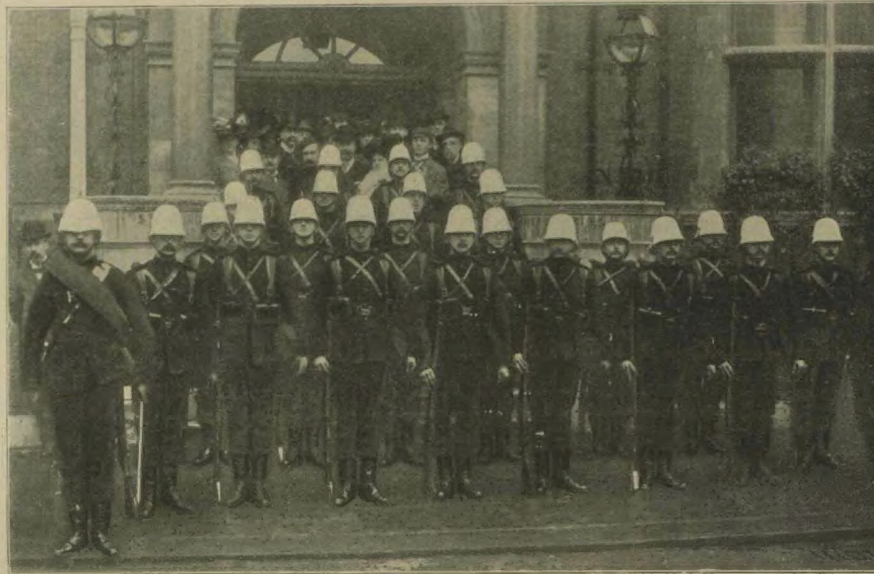
GENERAL BULLER'S HOME-COMING.

The *Dunvegan Castle* brought General Sir Redvers Buller safely into Southampton on the night of Friday, Nov. 9. One of the home-coming General's sentiments has always been that it is worth while to leave England if only to experience the pleasure of a return; and could anything enhance that pleasure, it would be the hardships attendant on the thirteen months' absence just endured, and the extraordinary kindness of the reception accorded to the soldier's home-coming from fields of stubborn fight. Lady Audrey Buller and her daughters were the first to board the *Dunvegan Castle* to greet Sir Redvers, who was already in evening dress and ready to eat the first of what promises to be a very long series of public dinners. The route from the docks to the hotel was lined with enthusiastic crowds. The Mayor of Southampton, proposing his health, gave Sir Redvers the opportunity for a few words of acknowledgment, in which he praised the Army, the Navy, and the Volunteers in action, speaking as one with authority, who has seen the thing to which he testifies. Saturday, said the Mayor, was a proud day for Southampton; in other words, the town enrolled Sir Redvers Buller on its list of Freemen. The Earl of

Northbrook, Lord Lieutenant of the county, and General Sir Baker Russell, in command of the district, were among the audience in the Hartley Hall when the General returned thanks. Then by a special train, with a garlanded engine, Sir Redvers and his family proceeded to Aldershot, where he was awaited by General Sir William Butler and the members of his Staff, by Lady Butler, the Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. Randall, and many others. Much shaking of hands was succeeded by much cheering, as the General stepped forward to reply to the address presented by Mr. May on behalf of the District Council. The Fire Brigade took the horses from the General's carriage and drew it themselves to Government House, Farnborough,

with the Whittington panel, which has a particularly appropriate setting in the city of his triumphs and his love. The old zeal of the City in the cause of freedom finds an equally pertinent reminiscence in the subject of Mr. Normand's design. Mr. John Paddon and Mr. A. Bailey are the donors of the two panels. Nine panels are now filled in.

The good example set by London is not likely to be without effect on the provinces; and Glasgow, a city which has long shown its civic enterprise in art matters, and which has, moreover, a "school" of its own, supplies us with an illustration in the fine painting from the brush of Mr. Alexander Roche, R.S.A., recently completed in the Municipal Chamber Banqueting Hall. The subject is full of local legend and local allusion. The Clyde is to-day the most practical of streams, but there was a time when its salmon swam in clear waters where Glasgow now stands, and when a Saint walked its shores and restored to a disconsolate Queen from the mouth of a fish the ring that she had lost. Mr. Roche has recalled these episodes to an unromantic generation, that cannot fail to appreciate his qualities of draughtsmanship, colour, and composition.



THE DUKE OF YORK'S VISIT TO AUSTRALIA: THE 1ST MIDDLESEX RIFLE VOLUNTEERS' DETACHMENT OF THE ROYAL BODYGUARD.

This guard is formed of men taken from every branch of the military forces of the Crown. The 1st Middlesex represent the Volunteers.

where other demonstrations of welcome awaited him. On Monday the General came to town and visited the War Office.

DECORATIONS FOR CIVIC HALLS.

The new panels unveiled last week in the Royal Exchange of the City of London were painted by Mr. Ernest Normand and Mrs. Ernest Normand, more familiarly known as Miss Henrietta Rae. "The Granting of Magna Charta" is Mr. Normand's subject; his wife's, "Sir Richard Whittington's Charities." The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs in full state were present, and seemed quite in harmony

by a complete armour-belt, and the citadel, besides protecting the space between the belt and the main deck-battery, displaces the ordinary arrangement of casemates, and protects the 6-in. guns on the fighting-deck. Four 12-in. breechloading guns are mounted in pairs, forward and aft; and there are fourteen 6-in. guns, ten of them mounted in the armoured citadel. Twenty twelve-pounders and other quick-firing guns are supplemented by a torpedo equipment of four submerged tubes. The launch of this formidable vessel, which we may well hope will never turn its strength against the country that made it, was successfully performed last week from the Naval Construction Works of Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, at Barrow.

THE "MIKASA."

England has built and launched for Japan another first-class battle-ship. She is over four hundred feet long, and her displacement is about fifteen thousand tons. Her engines are fifteen thousand horsepower, her normal coal supply will be seven hundred tons, with capacity of fourteen hundred tons, which will allow of her travelling about nine thousand miles at a speed of ten knots before replenishing her bunkers. She is protected



THE DUKE OF YORK'S VISIT TO AUSTRALIA: THE DETACHMENT OF ROYAL IRISH GUARDS.

The men of this recently formed Irish Guards shown in our Photograph are wearing the new regulation forage cap.

Photo. G. & P.

N E W B O R O U G H M A Y O R S .



Photo. Russell and Sons.
EARL CADOGAN (M.),
Chelsea.



Photo. Russell and Sons.
THE DUKE OF NORFOLK (M.),
Westminster.



Photo. Wilkey Brothers.
MR. LIDIARD (M.),
Wandsworth.



Photo. Russell and Sons.
MR. T. W. WILLIAMS, J.P., L.C.C. (M.),
Lewisham.



Photo. Elliot and Fry.
MR. E. A. CORNWALL, J.P., L.C.C. (P.),
Fulham.

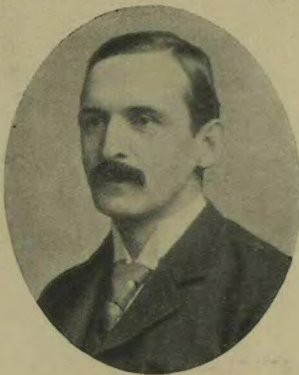


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. J. DAWES, M.A., B.C.L., J.P. (P.),
Southwark.



Photo. Adams and Co.
SURGEON LIEUT.-COL. R. GOODING, J.P., V.D. (M.),
Greenwich.

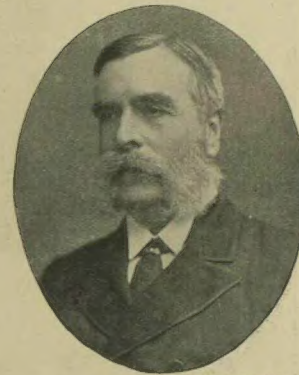


Photo. Russell and Sons.
SIR H. HARBEN (M.),
Hampstead.



Photo. Russell and Sons.
MR. W. J. DAVIES, J.P., L.C.C. (P.),
Battersea.



Photo. Brown and Son.
MR. M. WALLACE, C.C. (P.),
Camberwell.



Photo. Russell and Sons.
MR. E. BOULNOIS, M.P., L.C.C. (M.),
Marylebone.

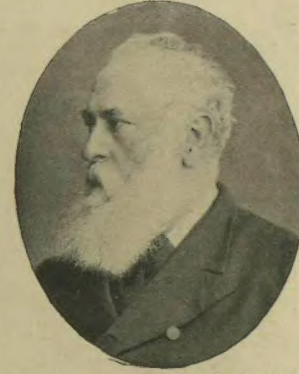


Photo. Russell and Sons.
COLONEL HUGHES, M.P., L.C.C. (M.),
Woolwich.



Photo. Brown and Son.
SIR H. S. KING, M.P. (M.),
Kensington.

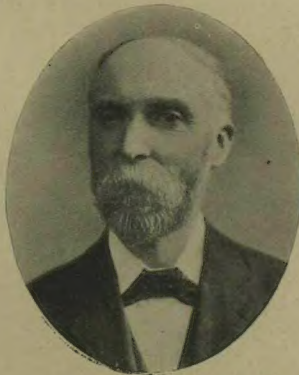


Photo. Pitt and Son.
MR. F. LOUGHLIN (P.),
Bethnal Green.

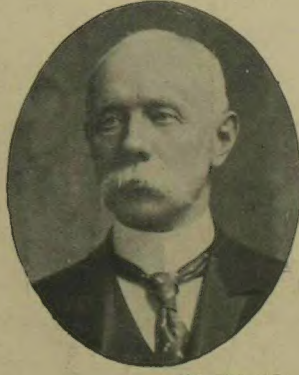


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. J. J. RUTZ, J.P. (L.),
Stoke Newington.



Photo. Russell and Sons.
MR. J. AIRD, M.P. (M.),
Paddington.

Guards Brigade.

Gordon Highlanders.

Staff.



THE REVIEW OF THE BRITISH TROOPS AT KOMATI POORT IN HONOUR OF THE BIRTHDAY OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. H. A. MITCHELL.

The Portuguese Commandant on the border and his Staff were present at a review of the whole of the troops under General Pole-Carew, held on September 28, the birthday of the King and Queen of Portugal. The General and the foreign officers inspected the men, and the Portuguese and English flags were hoisted side by side.



JAPANESE, FRENCH, AND GERMAN TROOPS WITH THE ALLIED FORCES: A COSMOPOLITAN MEAL IN PEKING.

The Would-be-Goods.



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HASSALL.

IT was very rough on Dora being laid up with a bad foot, but we took it in turns to stay in with her, and she was very decent about it. Daisy was most with her. I do not dislike Daisy, but I wish she had been taught how to play. Because Dora is rather like that naturally, and sometimes I have thought that Daisy makes her worse.

I talked to Albert's uncle about it one day, when the others had gone to church, and I did not go because of the earache; and he said it came from reading the wrong sort of books partly. She has read "Ministering Children," and "Anna Ross; or, The Orphan of Waterloo," and "Ready Work for Willing Hands," and "Elsie; or, Like a Little Candle," and even a horrid little blue book about the something or other of Little Sins. After this conversation Oswald took care Daisy had plenty of the right sort of books to read, and he was surprised and pleased when she got up early one morning to finish "Monte Cristo." Oswald felt that he was really being useful to a suffering fellow-creature when he gave Daisy books that were not all about being good.

A few days after Dora was laid up, Alice called a council of the Would-be-Goods, and Oswald and Dickie attended with darkly clouded brows. Alice had the minute-book, which was an exercise-book that had not much exercise written in it. She had begun at the other end. I hate doing that myself, because there is so little room at the top compared to the right way up.

Dora and a sofa had been carried out on to the lawn, and we were on the grass. It was very hot and dry. We had apples; Alice read.

SOCIETY OF THE WOULD-BE-GOODS.

"We have not done much. Dickie mended a window, and we got the milk-pan out of the moat that dropped through where he mended it. Dora, Oswald, Dickie, and me got upset in the moat. This was not goodness. Dora's foot was hurt. We hope to do better next time."

Then came Noël's poem—

"We are the Would-be-Goods Society,
We are not good, yet we mean to try,
And if we try, and if we don't succeed,
It must mean we are very bad indeed."

This sounded so much righter than Noël's poetry generally does that Oswald said so, and Noël explained that Denny had helped him.

"He seems to know the right length for lines of poetry. I suppose it comes of learning so much at school," Noël said.

Then Oswald proposed that anybody should be allowed to write in the book if they found out anything good that anyone else had done, but not things that were public acts; and nobody was to write about themselves, or anything other people told them—only what they found out.

After a brief jaw the others agreed, and Oswald felt, not for the first time in his young life, that he would have

made a good diplomatic hero to carry despatches and outwit the other side. For now he had put it out of the minute-book's power to be the kind of thing readers of "Ministering Children" would have wished.

"And if anyone tells other people any good thing he's done he is to go to Coventry for the rest of the day," Oswald said; and Denny remarked, "We shall do good by stealth, and blush to find it shame."

After that nothing was written in the book for some time. I looked about, and so did the others, but I never caught anyone in the act of doing anything extra; though several of the others have told me since of things they did at this time, and really wondered nobody had noticed.

I think I said before that when you tell a story you cannot tell everything. It would be silly to do it, because ordinary kinds of play are dull to read about, and the only other thing is meals, and to dwell on what you eat is greedy and not like a hero at all. A hero is always contented with a venison pasty and a glass of sack. All the same, the meals were very interesting, with things you do not get at home—Lent pies with custard and currants in them, sausage-rolls, and flead-cakes and raisin-cakes, and apple turnovers, and honey-comb and syllabubs, besides as much new milk as you cared about, and cream now and then, and cheese always on the table for tea. Father told Mrs. Pettigrew to get what meals she liked, and she got these strange but attractive foods.

In a story about Would-be-Goods it is not proper to tell of times when some of us were naughty, so I will pass lightly over the time when Noël got up the kitchen chimney and brought three bricks and an old starling's nest and about a ton of soot down with him when he fell. They never use the big chimney in the summer, but cook in the wash-house. Nor do I wish to dwell on what H. O. did when he went into the dairy. I do not say what his motive was; but Mrs. Pettigrew said she knew, and she locked him in, and said if it was cream he wanted, he should have enough, and she wouldn't let him out till tea-time. The cat had also got into the dairy for some reason of her own, and when H. O. was tired of whatever he went in for, he poured all the milk into the churn and tried to teach the cat to swim in it. He must have been desperate. The cat did not even try to learn, and H. O. had the scars on his hands for weeks. I do not wish to tell tales of H. O., for he is very young, and whatever he does he always catches it for—but I will just allude to our being told not to eat the greengages in the garden. And we did not. And whatever H. O. did was Noël's fault—for Noël told H. O. that greengages would grow again all right if you did not bite as far as the stone, just as wounds are not mortal except when you are pierced through the heart. So the two of them bit bites out of every greengage they could reach. And, of course, the pieces did not grow again.

Oswald did not do things like these, but then he is older than his brothers. The only thing he did just about then was making a booby-trap for Mrs. Pettigrew when

she had locked H. O. up in the dairy—and unfortunately it was the day she was going out in her best things, and part of the trap was a can of water. Oswald was not willingly vicious; it was but a light and thoughtless act which he had every reason to be sorry for afterwards. And he is sorry even without those reasons, because he knows it is ungentlemanly to play tricks on women.

I remember Mother telling Dora and me when we were little that you ought to be very kind and polite to servants, because they have to work very hard, and do not have so many good times as we do. I used to think about Mother more at the Moat House than I did at Blackheath, especially in the garden. She was very fond of flowers, and she used to tell us about the big garden where she used to live; and I remember Dora and I helped her to plant seeds. But it is no use wishing. She would have liked that garden, though.

The girls and the White Mice did not do anything boldly wicked—though, of course, they used to borrow Mrs. Pettigrew's needles, which made her very nasty. Needles that are borrowed might just as well be stolen. But I say no more.

I have only told you these things to show the kind of events which occurred on the days I don't tell you about. On the whole we had an excellent time.

It was on the day we had the pillow-fight that we went for the long walk. Not the Pilgrimage—that is another story. We did not mean to have a bolster-fight. It is not usual to have them after breakfast, but Oswald had come up to get his knife out of the pocket of his Etons to cut some wire we were making rabbit-snares of. It is a very good knife, with a file in it as well as a corkscrew and other things—and he did not come down at once, because he was detained by having to make an apple-pie bed for Dickie. Dickie came up after him to see what he was up to, and when he did see, he buzzed a pillow at Oswald, and the fight began. The others, hearing the noise of battle from afar, hastened to the field of action, all except Dora, who couldn't, because of being laid up with her foot, and Daisy, because she is a little afraid of us still when we are all together. She thinks we are rough. This comes of having only one brother, and him a white mouse.

Well, the fight was a very fine one. Alice backed me up, and Noël and H. O. backed Dickie, and Denny heaved a pillow or two; but he cannot shy straight, so I don't know which side he was on.

And just as the battle raged most fiercely, Mrs. Pettigrew came in and snatched the pillows away, and shook those of the warriors who were small enough for it. She was rough if you like. She also used language I should have thought she would be above. She said "Drat you!" and "Drabbit you!"; the last is a thing I have never heard said before. She said—

"There's no peace of your life with you children. Drat your antics! And that poor dear patient gentleman right underneath with his headache and his hand writing; and you rampaging about over his head like young bull calves. I wonder you haven't more sense, a great girl like you."

She said this to Alice, and Alice answered gently, as we are told to do—

"I really am awfully sorry; we forgot about the headache. Don't be cross, Mrs. Pettigrew; we didn't mean to; we didn't think."

"You never do," she said, and her voice, though grumpy, was no longer violent. "Why on earth you can't take yourselves off for the day, I don't know."

We all said, "But may we?"

"Of course you may. Now put on your boots and go for a good long walk. And I'll tell you what. I'll put you up a snack, and you can have an egg to your tea to make up for missing your dinner. Now don't go clattering about the stairs and passages, there's good children. See if you can't be quiet this once, and give the good gentleman a chance with his copying."

She went off. Her bark is worse than her bite. She does not understand anything about writing books, though. She thinks Albert's uncle copies things out of printed books, when he is really writing new ones. I wonder how she thinks printed books get made. Many servants are like this.

She gave us the "snack" in a basket, and sixpence to buy milk with. She said any of the farms would let us have it, only most likely it would be skim. We thanked her politely, and she hurried us out of the front-door as if we'd been chickens on a pansy-bed.

(I did not know till after I had left the farm-gate open, and the hens had got into the garden, that these feathered bipeds display a great partiality for the young buds of plants of the genus *viola*, to which they are extremely destructive. I was told that by the gardener. I looked it up in the garden-book afterwards, to be sure he was right. You do learn a lot of things in the country.)

We went through the garden as far as the church, and then we rested a bit in the porch, and just looked into the basket to see what the "snack" was. It proved sausage-rolls and queen-cakes, and a Lent-pie in a round tin dish, and some hard-boiled eggs and some apples. We all ate the apples at once, so as not to have to carry them about

and hedges, looking like the map of the United States, and villages, and a tower that did not look very far away standing by itself on the top of a hill.

Alice pointed to it, and said—

"What's that?"

"It's not a church," said Noël, "because there's no churchyard; perhaps it's a tower of mystery that covers the entrance to a subterranean vault with treasure in it."

Dickie said "subterranean fiddlestick," and "a water-works more likely."

Alice thought perhaps it was a ruined castle, and the rest of its crumbling walls were concealed by ivy, the growth of years.

Oswald could not make his mind up what it was, so he said, "Why not go and see? We may as well go there as anywhere."

So we got down out of the church-tower and dusted ourselves, and set out.

The Tower of Mystery showed quite plainly from the road, now that we knew where to look for it, because it was on the top of a hill. We began to walk. But the tower did not seem to get any nearer. And it was very hot.

So we sat down in a meadow where there was a stream

like a walnut-shell, and white hair and beard like a Jack-in-the-Box.

"We want to get to the tower," Alice said. "Is it a ruin or not?"

"It ain't no ruin," the man said; "no fear of that! The man wot built it, he left so much a year to be spent on repairing of it! Money that might have put bread in honest folks' mouths."

We asked, was it a church, then, or what.

"Church?" he said. "Not it. It's more of a tomb-stone, from all I can make out. They do say there was a curse on him that built it, and he wasn't to rest in earth or sea. So he's buried half-way up the tower—if you can call it buried."

"Can you go up it?" Oswald asked.

"Lord love you, yes; a fine view from the top, they say. I've never been up myself, though I've lived in sight of it, boy and man, these sixty-three years, come harvest."

Alice asked whether you had to go past the dead-and-buried person to get to the top of the tower, and could you see the coffin.

"No, no," the man said. "That's all hid away behind a



He buzzed a pillow at Oswald, and the fight began.

with us. The churchyard smells awfully good. It is the wild thyme that grows on the graves. This is another thing we did not know before we came into the country.

Then the door of the church-tower was ajar, and we all went up: it had always been locked before when we had tried it.

We saw the ringers' loft where the ends of the bell-ropes hang down with long, funny handles to them, like great caterpillars, some red and some blue and white, but we did not pull them. And then we went up to where the bells are very big and dusty among large dirty beams—and four windows with no glass, only shutters like venetian blinds, but they won't pull up. There were heaps of straw and sticks on the window-lodges. We think they were owls' nests, but we did not see any owls.

Then the tower stairs got very narrow and dark, and we went on up, and we came to a door and opened it suddenly, and it was like being hit in the face; the light was so sudden. And there we were on the top of the tower, which is flat, and people have cut their names on it, and a turret at one corner, and a low wall all round, up and down, like castle battlements. And we looked down, and saw the roof of the church and the leads and the churchyard and our garden and the Moat House and the farm, looking very small, and other farms looking like toy things out of boxes, and we saw corn-fields and meadows and pastures. A pasture is not the same thing as a meadow, whatever you may think. And we saw the tops of trees

in the ditch, and ate the "snack." We drank the pure water from the brook out of our hands, because there was no farm to get milk at just there, and it was too much fag to look for one—and besides, we thought we might as well save the sixpence.

Then we started again, and still the tower looked as far off as ever. Denny began to drag his feet, and said—

"I wish a cart would come along. We might get a lift."

He knew all about getting lifts, of course, from having been in the country before. He is not quite the white mouse we took him for at first. Of course, when you live in Lewisham or Blackheath you learn other things. If you asked for a lift in Lewisham High Street your only reply would be jeers. We sat down on a heap of stones, and decided that we would ask for a lift from the next cart, whichever way it was going. It was while we were waiting that Oswald found out about plantain-seeds being good to eat.

When the sound of wheels came, we remarked with joy that the cart was going towards the Tower of Mystery. It was a cart a man was going to fetch a pig home in—Denny said—

"I say, you might give us a lift, will you?"

The man who was going for the pig said—

"What, all that little lot?" but he winked at Alice, and we saw that he meant to aid us on our way. So we climbed up, and he whipped up the horse and asked us where we were going. He was a kindly old man, with a face

slab of stone, with reading on it. You've no call to be afraid Missy. It's daylight all the way up. But I wouldn't go there after dark, so I wouldn't. It's always open, day and night, and they say tramps sleep there now and again. Anyone who likes can sleep there, but it wouldn't be me."

We thought that it would not be us either, but we wanted to go there more than ever, especially when the man said—

"My own great-uncle of the mother's side, he was one of the masons that set up the stone slab. Before then it was thick glass, and you could see the dead man lying inside, as he'd left it in his will. He was lying there in a glass coffin with his best clothes—blue satin and silver, my uncle said, such as was all the go in his day—with his wig on and his sword beside him, what he used to wear. My uncle said his hair had grown out from under his wig, and his beard was down to the toes of him. My uncle, he always upheld that that dead man was no deader than you and me, but was in a sort of fit—a transit, I think they call it—and looked for him to waken into life again some day. But the doctor said not."

Alice whispered to Oswald that we should be late for tea, and wouldn't it be better to go back now directly; but he said—

"If you're afraid, say so; and you needn't come in any-way; but I'm going on."

The man who was going for the pig put us down at a

gate quite near the tower—at least it looked so until we began to walk again. We thanked him, and he said—

"Quite welcome," and drove off.

We were rather quiet going through the wood. What we had heard made us very anxious to see the tower—all except Alice, who would keep talking about tea, though not a greedy girl by nature. None of the others encouraged her, but Oswald thought himself that we had better be home before dark.

As we went up the path through the wood we saw a poor wayfarer with dusty bare feet, sitting on a bank.

He stopped us, and said he was a sailor, and asked for a trifle to help him to get back to his ship.

I did not like his look much myself, but Alice said—

"Oh the poor man! do let's help him, Oswald." So we held a hurried council, and decided to give him the milk-sixpence. Oswald had it in his purse, and he had to empty the purse into his hand to find the sixpence, for that was not all the money he had, by any means. Noel said afterwards that he saw the wayfarer's eyes fastened greedily upon the shining pieces, as Oswald returned them to his purse. Oswald has to own that he purposely let the man see that he had more money, so that the man might not feel shy about accepting so large a sum as sixpence.

The man blessed our kind hearts and we went on.

The sun was shining very brightly, and the Tower of Mystery did not look at all like a tomb when we got to it. The bottom storey was on arches, all open, and ferns and things grew underneath. There was a round stone stair going up in the middle. Alice began to gather ferns while we went up, but when we had called out to her that it was as the pig-man had said, and daylight all the way up, she said—

"All right, I'm not afraid; I'm only afraid of being late home," and came up after us. And perhaps, though not manly truthfulness, this was as much as you could expect from a girl.

There were holes in the little tower of the staircase to let light in. At the top of it was a thick door with iron bolts. We shot these back, and it was not fear but caution that made Oswald push open the door so very slowly and carefully. Because, of course, a stray dog or cat might have been shut up there by accident; and it would have startled Alice very much if it had jumped out on us.

When the door was opened, we saw that there was no such thing. It was a room with eight sides. Denny says it is the shape called octogenarian, because a man named Octagius invented it. There were eight large arched windows with no glass, only stone-work, like in churches. The room was full of sunshine, and you could see the blue sky through the windows; but nothing else, because they were so high up. It was so bright we began to think the pig-man had been

kidding us. Under one of the windows was a door. We went through, and there was a turret-twisting stair, like in the church, but quite light. When we had gone some way up this, we came to a sort of landing, and there was a block of stone let into the wall, polished. Denny said it was Aberdeen granite, with gold letters cut in it. It said—

Here lies the body of Mr. Richard Ravenal.

Born 1720. Died 1769.

and a verse of poetry—

Here lie I between earth and sky,

Think upon me, dear passers-by;

And you who do my tombstone see,

Be kind to say a prayer for me.

"How horrid!" Alice said; "do let's get home."

stood still, and then went on by leaps and bounds, like the good work in missionary reports.

For, down below us, in the tower where the man was buried whose beard grew down to his toes after he was dead, there was a noise—a loud noise. And it was like a door being banged and bolts fastened. We tumbled over each other to get back into the open sunshine on the top of the tower, and Alice's hand got jammed between the edge of the doorway and H. O.'s boot; it was bruised black and blue, and another part bled—but she did not notice it till long after.

We looked at each other, and Oswald said in a firm voice (at least I hope it was)—

"What was that?"

"He has waked up," Alice said. "Oh, I know he has.

Of course, there was a door for him to get out by when he was here. I know he will."

Dickie said, and his voice was not at all firm (I noticed that at the time): "It doesn't matter, if he's a—"

"Unless he's come to life a raving lunatic," Noel said, and we all stood with our eyes on the doorway of the turret—and held our breath to—

Then Oswald said—and nobody ever put it in the minute-book, though they own that it was brave and noble—

he said "Perhaps it was only the wind blowing one of the doors—"

and see, it will, Dickie only said—

"The wind doesn't shoot bolts—"

"A bolt from the blue," said Denny to himself, looking up at the sky. His father is a sub-editor. He had gone very red, and he was—

ing on to Alice's hand. Suddenly he stood up quite straight, and said—

"I'm not afraid; I'll go and see—"

This was afterwards put in the minute-book. It ended in Oswald and Dickie and Denny going. Denny went first,

because he said he would rather—and Oswald understood this and let him. If Oswald had pushed first it would have been like Sir Lancelot refusing to let a young knight win his spurs. Oswald took good care to go second himself, though. The others never understood this. You don't expect it from girls; but I did think father would have understood without Oswald telling him—which, of course, he never could.

We all went slowly.

At the bottom of the turret stairs we stopped short, because the door there was bolted fast, and would not yield to shoves, however desperate and united.

Only somehow we felt then that Mr. Richard Ravenal was all right and quiet, but that someone had done it for a lark, or perhaps not known about anyone being up there. So we rushed up, and Oswald told the others in a few hasty but well-chosen words, and we all leaned over between the battlements, and shouted, "Hi, you there!"



The rest of us got in with the pig, and the man drove us right home.

"We may as well go to the top," Dickie said, "just to say we've been."

And Alice is no funk—so she agreed; though I could see she did not like it.

Up at the top it was like the top of the church tower, only octogenarian in shape, instead of square.

Alice got all right there—because you cannot think much about ghosts and nonsense when the sun is shining bang down on you at four o'clock in the afternoon, and you can see red farm-roofs between the trees—and the safe white roads with people in carts like black ants crawling.

It was very jolly, but we felt we ought to be getting back, because tea is at five, and we could not hope to find lifts both ways.

So we started to go down. Dickie went first, then Oswald, then Alice—and H. O. had just stumbled over the top step and saved himself by Alice's back, which nearly upset Oswald and Dickie, when the hearts of all

Then from under the arches of the quiet downstairs part of the tower a figure came forth—and it was the sailor who had had our milk-sixpence. He looked up and he spoke to us. He did not speak loud, but he spoke loud enough for us to hear every word quite plainly. He said—

"Drop that."

Oswald said, "Drop what?"

He said, "That row."

Oswald said, "Why?"

He said, "Because if you don't I'll come up and make you, and pretty quick too, so I tell you."

Dickie said, "Did you bolt the door?"

The man said, "I did so, my young cock."

Alice said—and Oswald wished to goodness she had held her tongue, because he saw right enough the man was not friendly: "Oh, do come and let us out; do, please!"

While she was saying it Oswald suddenly knew that he did not want the man to come up. So he scurried down the stairs because he thought he had seen something on the door on the top side, and sure enough there were two bolts, and he shot them into their sockets. This bold act was not put in the minute-book because, when Alice wanted to, the others said it was not *good* of Oswald to think of this, but only *clever*. I think sometimes, in moments of danger and disaster, it is as good to be clever as it is to be good. But Oswald would never demean himself to argue about this.

when he saw what was in it he swore dreadfully. The cad!

"Look here," he called out, "this won't do, young shaver. I want those there shiners I see in your pus! Chuck 'em along."

Then Oswald laughed. He said—

"I shall know you again anywhere, and you'll be put in prison for this. Here are the *shiners*." And he was so angry he chucked down purse and all. The shiners were not real ones, but only card-counters that looked like sovereigns on one side. Oswald used to carry them in his purse so as to look affluent. He does not do this now.

When the man had seen what was in the purse he disappeared under the tower, and Oswald was glad of what he had done about the bolts, and he only hoped they were as strong as the ones on the other side of the door.

They were.

We heard the man kicking and pounding at the door, and I am not ashamed to say that we were all holding on to each other very tight. I am proud, however, to relate that nobody screamed or cried.

After what appeared to be long years, the banging stopped, and presently we saw the brute going away.

Then Alice did cry, and I do not blame her.

Then Oswald said—

"It's no use; even if he's undone the door he may

I will try not to call him a white mouse any more. He was a brick that day, and no mouse. But we call Daisy Mouse for a pet name.

The sun was low in the heavens, and we were sick of waving and very hungry, when we saw a cart in the road below. We waved like mad, and shouted, and Denny screamed exactly like a railway-whistle, a thing none of us had known before that he could do.

And the cart stopped. And presently we saw a figure with a white beard among the trees. It was our pig-man.

We bellowed the awful truth to him, and when he had taken it in—he thought at first we were kidding—he came up and let us out.

We met him at the top door. Alice threw her arms round his neck and cried like anything, and he was so sorry for her he would carry her all the way to the cart—which must have been no joke, for she is not a feather-weight.

He had got the pig: luckily it was a very small one—and we were not particular. Denny and Alice sat on the front of the cart with the pig-man, and the rest of us got in with the pig, and the man drove us right home. You may think we talked it over on the way. Not us. We went to sleep among the pig, and before long the pig-man stopped and got us to make room for Alice and Denny.



THE CRISIS IN CHINA: ONE OF THE COURTS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT PEKING.

Drawn by Mr. Holland Tringham.

When he got back the man was still standing staring up. Alice said—

"Oh, Oswald, he says he won't let us out unless we give him all our money. And we might be here for days and days and all night as well. No one knows where we are, to come and look for us—"

She thought the spirit of the English Nation, which does not know when it is beaten, would be ramping in her brother's breast. But Oswald kept calm. He said—

"All right"—and he made the others turn out their pockets. Denny had a bad shilling, with a head on both sides, and three halfpence; H. O. had a halfpenny; Noël had a French penny, which is only good for chocolate-machines at railway stations; Dickie had tenpence half-penny, and Oswald had a two-shilling piece of his own that he was saving up for Alice's and Noël's birthday, which come on the same day, because they are twins. Oswald tied the whole lot up in his handkerchief, and, looking over the battlements, he said—

"You are an ungrateful beast. We gave you sixpence freely of our own will."

The man did look a little bit ashamed, but he mumbled something about having his living to get.

Then Oswald said—

"Here you are, catch!"—and he flung down the handkerchief with the money in it.

The man muffed the catch—butter-fingered idiot!—but he picked up the handkerchief and undid it, and

be in ambush. We must hold on here till somebody comes.

Then Alice said, speaking chokily, because she had not quite done crying—

"Let's wave a flag."

By the most fortunate accident, she had on her Sunday petticoat though it was Monday. This petticoat is white. She tore it out at the gathers, and we tied it to Denny's stick, and took turns to wave it. We had laughed at his stick before, but we were very sorry now that we had done so.

And the tin dish the Lent pie was baked in we polished with our handkerchiefs, and moved it about in the sun so that the sun might strike on it, and signal our distress to some of the outlying farms.

This was the most dreadful adventure we ever had. Even Alice had now stopped thinking of Richard Ravenal, and thought only of the lurker in ambush, who awaited our sortie.

We all felt our desperate situation keenly. I must say Denny behaved like anything but a white mouse. When it was the others' turn to wave, he sat on the leads of the tower and held Alice's and Noël's hands, and said poetry to them—yards and yards of it. By some strange fatality it seemed to comfort them. It wouldn't have me.

He said "The Battle of the Baltic" and "Gray's Elegy" right through, though I think he got wrong in places, and the "Revenge," and Macaulay's thing about Lars Porsonna and the Nine Gods. And when it was his turn he waved like a man.

There was a net over the cart. I never was so sleepy in my life, though it was not more than bed-time.

The rest is but a misty picture. Mrs. Pettigrew took us out of the cart and put us to bed, and brought us up hot milk-and-eggs—but we could hardly keep awake to drink them. Albert's uncle, a prey to harrowing anxiety, had gone out to look for us. Dora and Daisy had said their prayers over and over again, and cried all the evening. They had been sure that we had met with a herd of wild bulls, and been hopelessly gored to death.

Generally, after anything exciting, you are punished—but this could not be, because we had only gone for a walk, exactly as we were told.

There was a new rule made, though. No walks, except on the high-roads, and we were always to take Pincher, and either Lady (the deerhound) or Martha (the bulldog). We generally hate rules, but we did not mind this one. Indeed, I don't think they need have made it. We had had enough of woods and towers of mystery to last us a good long time.

They never caught the wayfarer.

The pig-man turned out to live quite near. He got to be a great friend of ours.

Father gave Denny a gold pencil-case, because he was first to go into the tower. Oswald does not grudge Denny this, though some might think he deserved at least a silver one.

But Oswald is above such paltry jealousies.

THE END.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A



THE ALLIED FORCES IN PEKING: THE "TE DEUM" SUNG IN THE CATHEDRAL ON SEPTEMBER 8.

The ceremony was attended by the French Minister, General Frey, and other officers. The cathedral was damaged in many places by the Chinese bullets, and the discordant tones of the organ gave undoubted proof that several of the reeds had been perforated.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A.



WITH THE ALLIED FORCES: THE BENGAL LANCERS ON THEIR WAY TO PEKING.

From a sketch by Mr. Lionel Balfour.



THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW: VOX POPULI.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Ralph Cleaver.



THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW: THE CROWD ON THE EMBANKMENT.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Edward Road.

T H E R E T U R N O F G E N E R A L B U L L E R .



THE ARRIVAL OF GENERAL BULLER AT ALDERSHOT: FIREMEN PREPARING TO DRAG THE GENERAL'S CARRIAGE TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FARNBOROUGH.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. S. Degg.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

A Little Tour in France. By Henry James. (London: Heinemann, 1900.) 6s.
By L. T. Meade. (London: Nisbet, 6s.)
The People's Friend. By E. Belfort Bax. (London: Grant Richards, 10s.)
Thirteen Stories. By R. B. Cunningham Graham. (London: Heinemann, 6s.)
Memories and Correspondence of Lyon Playfair. First Lord Playfair, of St. Andrews, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., F.R.S.E., F.R.S., &c. By Wemyss Reid. (London: Cassell, 7s.)
Jenny of the Villa. By Mrs. C. H. Radford. (London: Arnold, 6s.)

Many English writers have attempted to convey something of the wonderful charm which cannot but attend a leisurely excursion in Touraine, especially if the excursion comprises a tour among the castles on the Loire. Mr. Henry James goes over well-worn ground, but he invests every inch of the way with rare distinction, from the first chapter, where he describes, as only he can do it, the peculiar atmosphere of Tours, still overshadowed by the great personality of Balzac, to the concluding portion of the volume, where, leaving the Loire far behind him, he plunges his reader straight into medieval Provence, taking Tarascon, Arles, Avignon, and too little-known Orange on his way back to Dijon. Perhaps the most striking pages in the book are those descriptive of world-forgotten Chambord. The great castle and vast estate—the park alone is twenty-one miles round—which provided Henri V. with a title in his exile, evidently impressed Mr. James more than Amboise or Chenonceau. Chambord sums up France's lost monarchy, and has remained full of the delicate aroma left by the vanished presence of the "dear dead women" who formed an integral part of the old régime. The traveller whose journey compels him to pass through Bourges will, if he be wise, after reading the author's chapter on the famous old town, make a point of staying his steps to follow Mr. James not only over the wonderful cathedral, but also round the other lions of the town, notably the beautiful house of Jacques Cœur, a medieval building which, now wisely used as the Palais de Justice, is, in its way, as perfect as the Belgian Hôtel de Ville, reconstituted in the Rue des Nations as the gem of Flemish architecture.

Mrs. Meade has a ready pen, and she puts it to all sorts of uses. "Wages"—her latest—is neither more nor less than a colossal temperance tract of a highly sensational character. Would it not have been wiser to confine the treatment of so vast and complex a subject, interwoven as it is with the mysteries of heredity and disease, to a treatise in one of the more serious reviews? Then the critic would have been sure of his ground, and would have felt no hesitation in arraigning dubious statements or questioning miraculous cures. No doubt Mrs. Meade has, for many of her statements, a solid foundation of fact. But where shall we draw the line? That is the difficulty. In a professed work of fiction, imagination, doubtless, ought to have free play, yet, on the other hand, care should be taken not to mislead a too-confiding public on matters of vital importance. In "Wages" Mrs. Meade gives us the story of a young girl who has attained womanhood without tasting intoxicants of any kind. She finds and reads a packet of letters written by her mother—long since dead—which prove that unfortunate lady to have been a habitual drunkard. Curiosity tempts her to test her own strength—with dire results. Is Mrs. Meade not fearful lest some word of her own lead to a like catastrophe? That the cause of temperance will be forwarded one jot by this book we very much question. Nervous readers will, without doubt, pass a very uncomfortable couple of hours in its perusal; those who care for sensation only will get their fill, and the book will straightway vanish from their memories; while those who read for pleasure, or to gratify a literary instinct, will be well advised if they leave "Wages" severely alone.

That the author of the latest work on Marat would not regard his subject with conventional hostility could be easily guessed by those who know his controversial position in matters political and social. They might not, however, be so ready to assume the vehement partisanship which betrays itself in such phrases as "the lying Carlyle," or "the malicious lies of that odious but classical example of the female prig, Madame Roland, the darling heroine of the conventional historian of the French Revolution." Possibly Mr. Belfort Bax considers that the case against Marat has been so violently stated that no defence of him can be pitched in too high a key; but by giving rein, consciously or unconsciously, to his tongue, the advocate of "the People's Friend" has somewhat marred the effect of a treatise that embodies much valuable and painstaking research. While it must be conceded that he has proved Marat's disinterestedness in the cause of justice and social equality, and by the logic of facts has cleared his memory of many an undeserved reproach, one could wish that the author had not so completely ignored the failings of his hero.

The work would thus have carried a higher value as a contribution to serious history, and the picture of Marat, lively and vigorous as it is, would have gained as human portraiture. Much of the peculiar interest which the journalist of the Revolution has inspired in his biographer is, of course, explained by the statement that "Marat, though not a Socialist, was the precursor of Socialism," and that "his ideals would assuredly realise themselves sooner or later under the forms of that true economic freedom through collective ownership in the material bases of social life, which is the primary aim of the international Socialist party of modern times."

Much might be forgiven to the writer of the preface to "Thirteen Stories," which are for the most part not stories.



TOURNAI: THE HOUSE OF JACQUES CŒUR.

—A Little Tour in France, by permission of Mr. William Heinemann.

Mr. Graham will need all the forgiveness he can accumulate. He has preserved to years of mature indiscretion a freakishness which has been flogged out of most of us in our schooldays. A delight in tramping on other people's corns, a siller delight in parading acquaintance with things not generally discussed, do not adorn the artist; and artist in his own way Mr. Graham is. The impression viciously biased as it is—of a scene in Paris where an old Spanish gentleman learns of Cervera's fate in the company of a horde of Yankee cads, strikes the reader with a vividness found in few pieces of recent writing. The romance of old Spain, the romance of Islam—these are the causes that stir Mr. Graham. Pity it is that the heart of Don Quixote should so often be betrayed by the tongue of the

Sancho Panzo who seems to inhabit the same frame. Egotistic these sketches are: well, is not the company of a man who can talk brilliantly of the strange things he has seen better entertainment than a well-ordered book? "Cruz Alta," the diary of a fruitless journey into Paraguay in quest of horses, initiates the townsman into something of the wild South American life. Few writers can do this. None other who could do it so well would print in the same volume some of the sordid stuff that Mr. Graham has collected.

Perhaps no one during her Majesty's long and eventful reign filled more varied positions than Lyon Playfair, whose life-story is told in Sir Wemyss Reid's book. Many of our great social and educational institutions which are in a flourishing condition to-day were placed on a sound footing by Lord Playfair's endeavours, and there is little doubt that he sacrificed a career of great promise in pure science for the general welfare of the country. Sir Wemyss Reid has told his part of Lord Playfair's life with interest, but unquestionably the most valuable part of the book is Playfair's autobiographical account of the various stages of his life, from boyhood to old age, the work he did, and the people he met. Sprung from an exceptionally talented family, he was originally intended for medicine, and actually began his studies, which, on account of bad health, he had to relinquish. Adopting a career of pure science, he was trained under the personal direction of two of the greatest chemists of the age—Graham, who ultimately became Master of the Mint, and the famous Baron Liebig, with whom he remained on terms of the closest intimacy. As manager of a large calico-printing establishment, he gained a wide knowledge of applied chemistry, and this made him especially useful as an active member of many Royal Commissions in connection with the growth of our great chemical industries. Much of Playfair's valuable work is buried in the Reports of these Commissions, and we feel that a book like this does a world of good by exhuming for the present generation valuable scientific facts, and work which is apt to get out of perspective in the long-winded, badly printed, inconvenient Blue-Books, which few, except experts, read or even see. One of Lord Playfair's greatest labours was as Special Commissioner to the Great Exhibition of 1851, and it was largely through his suggestions and insight that that event proved such a success. In the varied appointments he held during his long life he showed himself to be a man of sterling worth, who took up a subject and thoroughly thrashed it out before putting his views in print. The discovery of this faculty by the Queen and her advisers led to his being employed in connection with investigations which at the commencement he could not have known very much about. He was mainly responsible for the drastic measures suggested by the Royal Commission appointed to deal with the stamping out of the Cattle Plague. In his later years his career was almost entirely political, and his work in pure chemical science diminished to a vanishing-point. Still, to the end his correspondence shows that he had a very wide range of interest in all matters scientific, and, above all, he strove to induce a condition of prosperity in the country. Sir Wemyss Reid's book is valuable to those who wish to have an insight into the rise of applied science and the dissemination of scientific knowledge in England.

Mrs. Radford's novel of the upper middle classes and the proletariat is a happy augury of better work to come. Her manner is infinitely more alluring than her matter. She has observation of a kindly though keen sort; she can express herself brightly and briefly; she has that quiet humour which is the salt of fiction as well as of life; and she has achieved the rare art of telling her story absolutely impersonally. Never by word or shade of hint does she reveal where her own sympathies lie. She favours no character with a partial touch: the strength of each, and the weakness, are equally laid bare. The story of "Jenny of the Villa" is slight enough; the freshness of it is in the many portraits. Michael Trude, the Socialist, the strike-organiser, the electioneer, whose theories and love-making dominate the book, is perhaps the least satisfactory of all the characters; but Jenny Finzel and Stella Greenslade, two women so dissimilar, make up for any lack in him. It is in her vignettes and thumb-nails, however, that Mrs. Radford shows to most advantage. The third Mrs. Finzel; Dick Greenslade, the unsuccessful black-and-white artist; Mrs. Kelly, the Gray's Inn bed-maker; Oliver, the Socialist poet; Miles Summerhayes, the patient lover—all these have the cleverness and delicacy of silver-points.

The illustration reproduced from "The Ice World of Himalaya," which appeared in our issue of last week, was kindly lent us by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. We regret that, through an error, it was ascribed to another publisher.

ASSASSINATION OF JEAN PAUL MARAT, JULY 13, 1793.
 ENGRAVING OF THE TIME FROM THE PAINTING OF BRION (PILOTELLE COLLECTION).
 Reproduced from "Marat, the People's Friend," by permission of Mr. Grant Richards.



[For a List of Books Received, see page 717.]



THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET AT THE GUILDHALL: LORD SALISBURY REPLYING TO THE TOAST OF "HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. ALLAN STEWART.

"I may allude . . . to a certain Agreement which has taken place between Germany and England in this matter. . . it does lay down these two important points: that we desire to maintain the integrity of China, and we desire to maintain what is called the 'open door.'"—EXTRACT FROM THE SPEECH.



Photo. Dixon and Sons, Albany Street, W.

THE FRESCOES AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE: "SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON'S CHARITIES."
Painted by Henrietta Rae (Mrs. Normand).



Photo. Dixon and Sons, Albany Street, W.

THE FRESCOES AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE: "KING JOHN GRANTING MAGNA CHARTA."
Painted by Mrs. Ernest Normand.



THE NEW PANEL IN THE GLASGOW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.
Painted by Mr. Alexander Eche, R.S.A.

Photo. F. and R. Atkinson & Co., Ltd., W.

THE PIANOLA.

This article will be of interest to every person who loves music. It will be of particular interest to the many thousand owners of pianos whose instruments remain unused for months at a time and become practically nothing more than articles of furniture.

The Pianola is not a self-playing piano. It is an instrument that plays the piano.

It is not mechanical, except as the best musician is mechanical.

It separates the technique from the expression. It does all the hard, mechanical, drudging work, and leaves the performer free to express his individuality.

There are probably one million useless pianos in this country—pianos that are not opened more than three or four times a year, and then they are opened for some visiting, indifferent player who, after years of instruction, plays but a few pieces, and those not accurately.

We cannot all have Paderewskis, or Hoffmans, or Carreños in our families, but the Pianola can and does everything that even the best musician can do.

The musician works years and years to acquire, not expression and feeling, but manual, mechanical, muscular dexterity. He practises scales and five-finger exercises

solely to make machines of his hands. He spends years at this kind of work to attain the proficiency which the Pianola has at the start, and even then, simply because a human being cannot make a flawless and faultless machine of himself, the Pianola can play any composition, as regards the purely technical part of the work, better than any living pianist.

Think of the money that is spent every year in music lessons, and think how few people there are who can play the piano even indifferently well.

THE PIANOLA.

Your daughter, for instance, has studied music for years. She is as bright as the average, and practises faithfully. Still, after years of work she is not able to play a reasonably complicated piece without considerable practice, and practice on that piece alone. For the next piece she must practise just as faithfully.

All the concert pianists practise many hours daily, some of them devoting as much as ten hours each day to this work—this after years and years devoted exclusively to study and practice. Even the greatest of the piano virtuosi have relatively small repertoires. For instance, Paderewski, Rosenblum, and Joseffy have not more than twenty-five or fifty compositions they can play in concert form at any one time.

When you think of the price they pay, this result is enough to discourage the most ardent music-lover.

In comparison, the repertoire of the Pianola seems practically limitless. In reality it includes nearly six thousand selections, while bulletins of new music are published every month. Think of it; every musical wish gratified at a moment's notice!

You have a piano in your house which cost you anywhere from fifty to two hundred pounds. How much good does it do you? Do you get all the music out of it to which you are entitled? If not, then you invested in something which doesn't pay you.

There are hundreds and hundreds of pounds worth of music locked up in that piano.

For sixty-five pounds additional you can get that music out at any time, in any quantity, and of any quality. You or your husband, or your wife, or your son, or your daughter can play it, not only to your own satisfaction, but to the satisfaction of all listeners.

There is nothing to be done but to control the expression. All the mechanical part is attended to by the Pianola, and attended to better than the best and most perfectly trained musician can do it.

If everybody who owns such a useless piano knew what a Pianola really is, there would be a Pianola in every third such home at least. In the other homes it would simply be a matter of not having sixty-five pounds.

It is assumed that people buy pianos because they want music. There are some who buy them as furniture to

he can do the first day with a Pianola. By the simple purchase of a Pianola he can have every kind of music in his home at will.

No amount of study can add to the natural power of expression of the player. This is his own—something



THE PIANOLA IN USE WITH GRAND PIANO.

he is born with; but the Pianola affords him full opportunity to express himself in the kind of music for which he cares.

The Pianola separates the mechanical from the artistic, the general from the individual, the pleasure from the drudgery. It furnishes the real background to which the player can add just as much feeling and interpretation as there is in him. It is no more mechanical than the best musician is mechanical.

The idea is simplicity itself. The music is perforated. Its accuracy as regards time, the duration of a note, and all mechanical facility, is a matter simply of accurate measurement.

The perforations in the paper as it is unrolled release currents of air, which act upon levers, which in their turn strike the keys of the piano.

Nothing that has ever been invented so nearly approaches the effect of a touch from a well-trained human finger as this does. No human hand, no matter how skilful or

have experienced the pleasure it gives find it difficult to understand how they were able to get along without it.

Every home able to afford a piano is able to afford a Pianola. Every home which has these two instruments has music otherwise accessible only to the wealthiest, and then only in limited quantities and at rare intervals. You may have, every day of your lives, music which in another way can be obtained only from a few great masters of the piano.

Every home which has a piano should ask itself whether it is getting the pleasure and satisfaction out of that piano that it should.

Every man about to purchase a piano should ask himself whether any piano is complete without a method of playing everything upon it.

There is probably no one thing which any sensible man would be content to buy incomplete.

He would not think of buying a bicycle upon which he could not ride without years of training, and then only indifferently well.

He would not dream of buying a boat which no member of his family could sail, and yet he buys a piano which no member of the family can play, and only a few people in the whole country can play well, which

requires years and years of instruction to play at all, which is shut up most of the time for lack of a performer, while he, and his family, and his friends could be enjoying all the music there is in that piano several times a week if it could be got out in the right form.

The Pianola will accomplish all this at a comparatively small cost, and with lasting satisfaction.

Even the world's best musicians recognise that the Pianola is not a mechanical toy, but is a perfect piano-



PUTTING THE MUSIC-ROLLS IN THE PIANOLA.

player. The price of the Pianola is sixty-five pounds on the Hire System; for Cash a discount of twenty per cent. is allowed.

Paderewski says—

Private Car River, March 21, 1900.

Gentlemen,—As an admirer of the *Edolan*, the wonderful merits of which I have attested in a former letter to you, I now have much pleasure in adding my tribute to your latest invention, the "Pianola," which I consider still more ingenious.

It is astonishing to see this little device at work, executing the masterpieces of pianoforte literature with a dexterity, clearness, and velocity which no player, however great, can approach.

Everyone who wishes to hear absolutely faultless, free of any kind of nervousness, piano-playing should buy a Pianola. It is perfection.

Wishing you well-deserved success.

The Pianola can be furnished in every variety of wood. Ebony, dark mahogany, walnut, and rosewood kept

THE PIANOLA IN USE WITH UPRIGHT PIANO.

carefully trained, can vie with a machine in purely mechanical work.

For that reason the best pianist cannot play as faultlessly and as accurately, as far as mere technique is concerned, as can the Pianola.

In addition to this, effects, impossible to ten fingers, can be obtained, so that no music can be written too complicated technically for the scope of the Pianola.

Every facility is here to make it possible to obtain the best music at all times for use in the Pianola.

We maintain a circulating library, subscription to which costs four guineas a year. This entitles you to twelve fresh pieces of music every two weeks. You can play these over, select those you wish to purchase, and buy them from time to time to add to your own musical library. As the music-rolls are practically indestructible, one purchase is all that is necessary.

The effect of having music constantly in every home, and that music of the best, cannot be overestimated. Children will grow up in an atmosphere of good music, and its appreciation by them is sure to follow.

The Pianola is as certain an educator of musical taste as continual practice is a developer of the fingers.

As a source of pleasure the Pianola is limitless. It may be resorted to in a hundred ways, viz.—as an accompanist for singing; for dance-music; for the entertainment of guests at both formal and informal gatherings, as well as a concert for your own pleasure, in which you comprise both audience and artist, and select your own programme.

In fact, there has been a distinct demand for an instrument which will do what the Pianola will do. Those who



THE PIANOLA BEING PUSHED INTO POSITION.

decorate their rooms. Such a man could get all the effect and save money by merely buying the case; but anyone who wants music, no matter what his taste, whether he cares for popular or classical music, should look for a few moments at this question of buying music, from an ordinary business standpoint. He will see that even if it is possible to give up the time and money to complete a musical education, he will not be able to accomplish in years what



PADEREWSKI.

regularly in stock. Visitors always welcome. Our instruments are gladly shown to the merely curious as well as to intending purchasers. If unable to call at our Warerooms, write for Catalogue, giving full description.

THE ORCHESTRELLE COMPANY.

225, Regent Street, W.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Two events, apparently unconnected with each other, occurred last week in France. I say "apparently unconnected," but with a small amount of goodwill the reader will be enabled to establish the relation between them; and if he succeed in doing this, much that would otherwise be unintelligible will become as clear as daylight to him. It will teach him the secret of France's strength, which has not only withstood the amputation of two provinces, but the stress of thirty years of violent and almost uninterrupted political discussions, mad ventures, hybrid colonising schemes, and a one-sided alliance.

But for that strength, France would at this time be reduced to the status of a second or third rate Power by the constant friction of various sets of political chevaliers d'industrie, each of whose sets has in its turn the direction of affairs, and are no sooner down than they are up again to dispute the place with those who ousted them. What, then, is this strength? Its essence is expressed in a few words: the constant concern of her sons and daughters to increase store in the shape of money, and the matchless faculty of preserving that money when amassed. A few weeks ago there died at Versailles an old woman who for ever so many years—more than a score—had lived upon public and private charity: to put matters plainly, she had begged in the streets, at church doors, and so forth, and, in addition to this, had been maintained by the periodical contributions of the charitably disposed. The board found in her rooms amounted to over £8000, nearly half of which consisted of gold, the rest in public securities. Legal claims have been taken by her nearest relatives to claim the property, which eventually will be distributed among them. They are said to be poor, and thus half-a-dozen people will be raised from indigence to comparative affluence, for 25,000 £, or 30,000 £, the probable share of each means considerably more in France than £1500—English equivalent—would mean with us. "Such things happen in every country," says the well-informed reader endowed with a fairly good memory. The reader is perfectly right, but when such things do happen they are regarded as phenomenal. In France, on the other hand, they are of common occurrence. I might quote a dozen, the particulars of which I have recorded either in notebooks or retained in my memory; I shall only give one, that came under my immediate personal observation.

In the early part of the 'eighties, when I was living permanently in Paris for the second time, there sat in front of Straudin's confectioner's shop at the angle of the Boulevard des Capucines and the Place de l'Opéra (south side) an old woman with two wooden legs. Not once, but a score of times, have I talked to her, for she was full of information about the past. I knew on excellent authority that for at least thirty-five years she had rarely been absent for twenty-four hours from the little strip of pavement lying between the pitch she actually occupied and the corner of the Rue des Capucines, less than fifty yards to the west. In '48, when she was pretty and dressed with a certain coquettishness, she had squatted in front of the wall of the then Ministry of Foreign Affairs, part of the site which has been converted into a *brasserie* and a high-class fancy goods shop and dressing-lug maker's. It was reported that she had been killed during the attack on the Ministry, and many people regretted her absence, for she played the violin with a good deal of natural taste; but, to their satisfaction, she reappeared in a few days. Shortly after this, Louis Napoleon, in pursuit of the Presidency of the Second Republic, took up his residence at the Hôtel du Rhin, in the Place Vendôme; and he seldom passed the beggar woman without giving her something. In a little while she came to look upon his contributions as a sure part of her income. She knew who he was, and, odd to relate, seemed to be aware not only of his political preoccupations, but of his pecuniary embarrassments. One day she offered him, in the most delicate manner, the loan of 3000 francs, which, she said, "were lying unproductive at her home." Prince Louis did not accept them, but when he ascended the throne offered her a small annuity, which she refused. Subsequently she became the owner of two large houses in the Avenue de l'Opéra, and, in addition to this, gave a considerable marriage portion to her daughter, who throughout remained ignorant of the sources of her mother's income, and who was educated in the country, and never came to Paris. The only condition she imposed upon her son-in-law was his emigration to Australia.

At a rough guess there are at any time throughout the length and breadth of France, and there have always been, a couple of hundred absolutely affluent beggars among a population of forty millions of inhabitants proves nothing. But there are at least half a million of peasants who positively deny themselves every luxury, and sometimes the necessities of life, whose linen-presses and other hiding-places contain at a small computation between two and three thousand pounds sterling each, either in coin, notes, or securities. The war loans of 1871-73, in as far as they were subscribed in the smaller provincial centres, were almost entirely paid in in what appeared to be newly minted gold and newly issued bank-notes, both of which tenders, though, turned out on closer examination to have been issued six, seven, eight, and as much as twelve years before. The money had simply been lying idle during that time in the *cachettes* of the peasantry and *petite bourgeoisie*.

I have said nothing of the middle-class-*bourgeoisie*, the yeoman farmer, and the higher middle classes, all of whom are the most frugal and provident people on the face of the civilised globe. What does it matter to them that the Chamber of Deputies should wrangle and endeavour to overthrow Ministries once or twice a year? Their real strength is not impaired by the constant agitation. France's strength lies in the provinces. The chain must be tested by its strongest, not by its weakest link.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, F. J. O'BRIEN (Sign).—No, you were hopelessly wrong. The Knight could be taken either by the adverse Bishop or Queen. A capture gets rid of a check as well as an interposition.

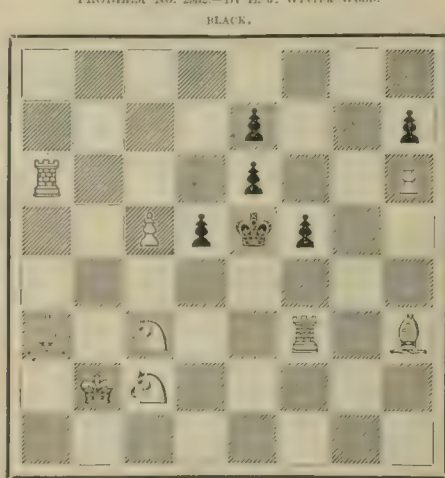
A. G. FELLOWS (St. Albans).—Much obliged for problem. G. H. POWERS (Edgely).—If Black play 1. R to B 3rd, 2. K takes R, mate. CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2945 received from E. H. Van Noorden (Cape Town); of No. 2946 from T. Colledge Halliburton (Edinburgh); G. H. POWERS (Edgely); and L. T. STEVENS (Malvern); of No. 2949 from J. B. B. (Newark); Inspector James T. Palmer (Nelson); P. B. TILLET (Hastings); W. H. Lunn (Hellenham); G. H. BOWDEN (Edgely); F. J. CANDY (Tunbridge Wells); J. D. TUCKER (Hilkey); T. Colledge Halliburton, Joseph Orford (Liverpool); and W. H. Bohn (Worthing).

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2950 received from J. D. TUCKER (Hilkey); C. R. SHAW STEWART, T. ROBERTS, H. SALLER (Brighton); Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth); H. Le JEUNE, F. J. CANDY, John M. Moore (Falkenstein); J. H. WILKINSON (Whitchurch); Edith Cooper (Rouen); Charles Journet, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth); R. WORTON (Canterbury); Martin F. C. E. PERRELLI, G. Stillington Johnson (Colham); F. W. Moore, Shadforth, Alpha, F. J. S. (Hampstead); W. A. BARNARD (Uppingham); Sorrento, Edward J. Sharpe, Henry F. Foote (Swinton); and W. A. Lillies (Edinburgh).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2949.—By H. GRAY.

WHITE. 1. Q to R 6th. 2. Mate. BLACK. Any move.

PROBLEM No. 2952.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.



WHITE. White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played between MESSRS. O. EDWARDS and F. J. MARSHALL.

(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	23. P to K 4th	P to K 5th
2. K to K B 3rd	K to K B 3rd	An end game full of interesting features, and nicely calculated, and very well played.	
3. K takes P	P to Q 3rd	24. K to Kt sq	P to K R 4th
4. K to K B 3rd	K takes P	25. P to R 4th	B to R 4th
5. P to Q 3rd	K to K B 3rd	26. P to R 5th	P to R 5th
6. P to Q 4th		27. K to B 3rd	P to B 3rd
This variation of the Petroff presents one or two novelties. Black, as usual, forcing the black to every possible way. B to K 3rd or B to K 2nd would have given White a better game at starting.		28. P to B 3rd	P takes P
7. B to Q 3rd	K to B 3rd	29. K to Kt sq	K to B 5th
8. P to B 3rd	Q to K 2nd (ch)	30. K to K 2nd	
9. B to K 3rd	K to Q 4th	31. K to K 2nd	
10. Q to K 2nd	P to B 4th	32. P takes P	
11. Castles	Q takes Q	33. K to Kt sq	
12. B to B sq	Castles (Q R)	34. B to B sq	
13. B takes Q	R to K sq		
14. R to K sq	R to K sq		
15. B to B 4th	R takes K (ch)		
16. K takes R	K to Kt 3rd		
17. B to Kt 5th	P to Kt 4th		
18. B takes K	P takes B		
19. K to Q 2nd	P to K 2nd		
20. Q to Kt 3rd	P to K sq		
21. K to B sq	P to K R 3rd		
22. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to B 4th		
23. B to K 2nd	P to B 3rd		
It is questionable whether here Black might not have probably have played P takes R, followed by K to Q 4th now or later. The effect of the move made is to strengthen White's Pawn.			
24. R to Q sq	B to K 3rd		

Mr. Pillsbury recently gave a wonderful exhibition of blindfold play in America. He combined twenty-five games simultaneously without sight of the board, winning twenty, losing three, and drawing two. We think this is the greatest feat of the kind yet recorded.

Messrs. Lasker and Maroczy gave an exhibition of simultaneous play on Nov. 8 at the South Place Institute, Finsbury. There were fifty competitors, and that number only one player won his game. There were many draws and unfinished games at the call of time.

The match for the Draughts Championship of the world, between Messrs. Barker of America and Jordan of England, has resulted in a draw. The latter, however, assumes the title, in accordance with the conditions on which the contest was based.

"The Book of the London International Chess Congress of 1899" (London: Longmans).—This is a sumptuous record of last year's London Tournament, and one of the finest got-up books of the kind we have ever seen. Its quality is its mistake, because for such a work a wide circulation at a small cost to the purchaser would be more useful to the cause of the game.

Messrs. Hills and Co., Limited, London, are the producers of some really artistic Christmas cards. The prices vary to suit all purses.

The photographic bas-relief Christmas cards issued by the Taber Bas-Relief Photographic Co., of 141, New Bond Street, W., are quite a novelty. This, and the fact that they are excellently produced, should make them very popular.

Dances will be held at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on Nov. 26 and Dec. 3, in aid of the fund which is being raised to defray the debt on the new building of the Gordon Hospital, situated in Vauxhall Bridge Road. This hospital, which has done such admirable service during the last sixteen years, is now in full working order in the new building, which was erected last year. A debt, however, of over £5000 was incurred, and subscriptions are urgently invited. They will be gratefully received by the Secretary of the hospital, Vauxhall Bridge Road, or Mr. Cecil H. East, F.R.C.S., 75, Wimpole Street, and Mr. W. C. Miles, F.R.C.S., 17, Devonshire Place, Upper Wimpole Street.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The other day I wrote a little paper, published in this column, in the endeavour to show that there was less pain in the world than we were generally given to suppose or believe. My main contention was that as it required a human nervous system to experience human pain, it could hardly be supposed that lower life experienced the agonies which are known to afflict poor humanity. Ordinary people, I imagined, would have been thankful for what at least seems to be a probable case for the demonstration that the world knows less suffering than is popularly regarded as represented in the domain of animal life. But one is apt to reckon without one's host when one treats a grave subject of this kind; and a communication received by the Editor of this Journal proves that there is at least one person in the world who, so far from rejoicing even in the might-be aspect of lessened pain, regards my article as a species of scientific outrage.

I need hardly say that the writer of the communication is a lady, and I need not add that she belongs to that school of opinion which regards all experiments made upon animals for the discovery of means of disease-cure as unwarrantable, cruel, and purposeless. It is no new thing to find that opponents of this temperament do not give others the credit of being animated by motives as kindly and as philanthropic as those which presumably dictate the objections to which I have alluded. That, however, is a small affair. One must not be too sensitive when expressing opinions that at least have a claim to a fair hearing, and that would obtain such consideration from any who are not blinded by fanaticism, and by the prevalence of the idea wherewith Job credited his friends when he assured them that wisdom would perish with them. All the same, I must protest, alike in the name of reason and of fairplay, against the notion that while people who do not see eye to eye with me are to be permitted to ventilate their views, I am to be prevented from expressing mine. This is "an old stage trick" of the oppressor in every aspect of controversy, but it is not one which will commend itself to any rational mind.

The correspondent to whose missive I have alluded says I sneered at ladies "who work their hardest to abolish or mitigate (sic) the barbarous practice of vivisection." That she has entirely misrepresented what I intended to convey, probably from a want of understanding of what I wrote, or of the true justice of my argument, is very clear. I have only to refer to my article to make it plain that my object was, first, to prove that there was less pain all round in lower life than people suppose to be represented; and, secondly, to suggest that if experimentation be necessary to give medical men the knowledge wherewith to cure our diseases, such practice could not be attended with the amount of suffering with which it is commonly credited.

I also alluded to the tender-hearted people who, from conscientious motives, oppose experimentation, and so far from sneering at ladies who think as does the writer of the letter, I gave them full credit for being animated by motives of the highest kind. My only regret is that I do not live in a world whence all pain and disease and misery are abolished, and I hope I am saying nothing whereof anybody reasonable will not approve when I declare that in order to relieve human pain (the highest duty of science) it may be necessary to inflict pain in turn. What I urge is that the pain so inflicted exists or appears in a decreasing ratio as we descend the animal scale.

The conclusion of the letter is extremely interesting. The lady no longer desires to read this Journal because of my mildly expressed views about pain at large. However, I have at least the hope that she may read these lines, and, if any sense of justice is present with her, that she will awake to the fact that she has libelled me (in a mild way, of course) and may feel tempted to say so, especially if she will re-peruse, with an open mind, the article which has excited her indignation.

The moral of this trivial incident, however, should not be lost sight of. There is too much prevalent nowadays the old tendency, (which one would have imagined education had completely repressed), to crush opinions with which certain people do not agree. Truth and righteousness, as I put it in my article, never yet flourished on a basis of persecution; and when I read in a medical journal of last week that another lady has given her doctor his *compé* because he could not conscientiously assure her that he disapproved of experimentation, I say that a reign of terror is being inaugurated by people whose misplaced sentimentalism runs amok with their judgment.

It is high time to protest, as I do, against this trend of conduct and opinion. If the lady who is going to employ another doctor (who does not approve of experimentation) ever happens to suffer from heart-troubles, she should know that the doctor's knowledge which will enable him to cure her has been gained, and could only have been gained, by experiment. The nature of the sounds of the heart, the action of the nerves which slow it or quicken it, the curious function of the depressor nerves, all items absolutely necessary for the successful practice of the doctor's art, could only have been obtained, and were obtained, by experiment. I wish it had been otherwise, but the dead body does not always tell tales from which science and, through it, suffering humanity can benefit. And so once again I say, let us rejoice at least that there is less pain in the world than we have thought, and let science prevail that it may save us from premature death.

Messrs. Langfieri, Limited, of 23a, Old Bond Street, three of whose excellent photographs of characters in "Herod" we reproduce on another page, announce that they will publish shortly a limited edition of a souvenir of Mr. Stephen Phillips' play at the Majesty's. In it will be given excellent portraits of Mr. Beerbaum Tree in the title-role of "Herod," Miss Maud Jeffries, and the other characters of this picturesque play.

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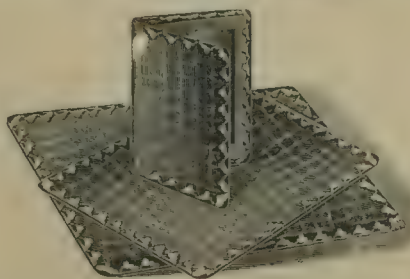
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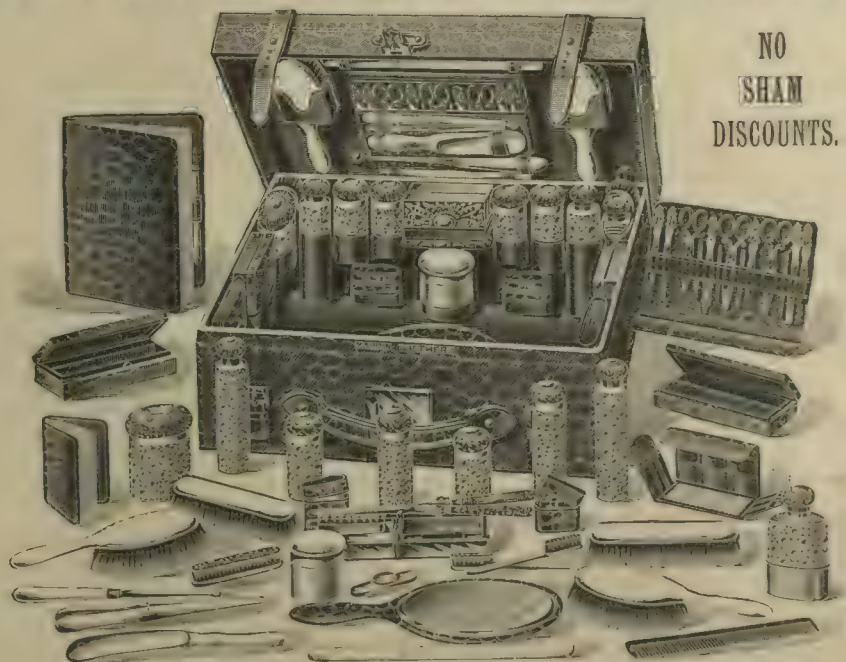
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LADIES' PAGES.

Two little ceremonies specially interesting to ladies took place in "the City" last week. One was the unveiling of a new bust of the Queen in the Mansion House. The other was the presentation to the City of a panel in the Royal Exchange painted by Henrietta Rae, the donor being Mr. Abo Bailey, and the subject, Sir Richard Whittington and his wife distributing gifts to the poor. The distinguished lady artist to whom Mr. Bailey gave his commission holds a high position in her profession, and that so important a piece of work should have been entrusted to her is cause for congratulation. Her best-known work, perhaps, is "Psyche before Venus," which was given, when first exhibited, the space at the end of the long suite of rooms in the Royal Academy—a position that is always allotted to an important picture; it sold for several thousand pounds, and has also been successfully engraved. Henrietta Rae's success is the fruit of very hard and conscientious work. She began her art studies when she was quite a child at Heatherley's, and was already doing excellent little work when she was still "a little girl with a pig-tail down her back," as one of her then fellow-students put it to me. She sold her first picture when she was but eighteen for ten pounds. Marriage and maternity have not interrupted her work, fortunately; these incidents in private life are so sadly often the death-blows to a woman's career in any art. Henrietta Rae is still quite in her prime, and has doubtless much of her best work yet to do. She ought to be an R.A. When the Royal Academy was founded in the last century, two ladies were among its original members; they were the still famous Angelica Kauffman and the less well-known Mary Moser. Is it not time that they had some successors of the sex that at the present day boasts such excellent artists as Lady Butler, Miss Lucie Kemp-Welch, Mrs. Jopling, Mrs. Henrietta Rae, and others of equal standing?

There have been several interesting weddings in town lately. Lord Newborough forged another of the many links of this kind between England and America by his wedding with Miss Grace Carr, daughter of the late Colonel Carr, who distinguished himself in the Civil War between Northern and Southern States. These alliances certainly ought to renew and cement the old tie of blood of our common ancestry. However, the charming (and wealthy!) American bride is seen in other old countries too. Count von Walderssee, the German Commander-in-Chief of the Allied forces in China, has an American wife, and so, by a coincidence, had the German Minister who was murdered by the Peking mob; while Paris has recently been excited over the steps taken by the family of Madame de Castellane, one of Jay Gould's daughters, to prevent the further dissipation of her fortune, of which nearly a million sterling has been spent within a



AN EVENING GOWN OF WHITE CHIFFON.

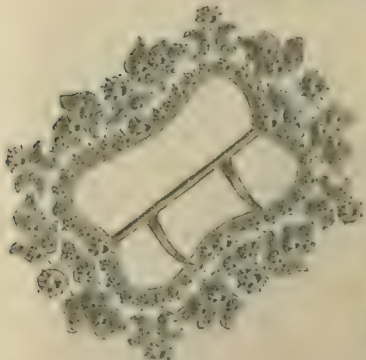
few years. To return to Lady Newborough's bridal, the most original feature of the wedding-costume was that the long tulle veil was deeply edged with old rose point lace—a very pretty arrangement, leaving the face visible, yet giving the incomparable softness and richness that only lace affords. Her bridesmaids were two little girls in white silk and lace-trimmed frocks with big pink chiffon hats, and they carried baskets full of pink and white flowers. At the wedding of the granddaughter of the late Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart, Miss Wenna Davies, with Captain Palmer, the bridesmaids were all in white, the gowns of soft cloth, with collars of white satin covered with guipure and just edged with gold galon, and white picture-hats; so that the relief of bouquets of brilliant scarlet geraniums was appreciated at its full value. Among forthcoming weddings the most interesting, of course, is that of the Queen of Holland. Queen Wilhelmina's wedding is fixed for so early a date that the preparations are being hurried on. The Queen-Mother is distributing the trousseau orders chiefly among the charitable institutions of the country, but some of the things are ordered in Paris. Blue is the young Queen's favourite colour, both for hats and dresses, but her gowns on her wedding-day will be white exclusively. The bridal gown, of white satin, is now being embroidered with silver and pearls by the School of Art Needlework at Amsterdam.

Brighton is by no means so smart at this time of year as it was once. I have seen a few good gowns, but very few. The Irish homespun and friezes are well worn on the parade. A deep purple homespun, the skirt piped from the waist to below the knee, with a bolero trimmed with strappings of glacé silk of just the same colour, the revers of purple panne spotted with white, and opening over a full vest of lace, was rather good. A blue frieze with a very rough surface was trimmed by lines of black military braid laid down from the hips on each side of a front panel, a line of gold galon marking off the front finally; the bodice had a swathed belt of black satin under a short bolero, trimmed round to harmonise with the skirt with black braid and gold galon. The ugly, stiff mink fur, which is so different from sable in texture (so to speak) and in surface, but which the wearers too obviously fondly hope may be mistaken for the aristocratic relation whose markings it simulates, is being much pressed into service; but occasionally one's vision is rested by genuine sables, and how charming those appear! A lovely coat of purple velvet with deep collar of sable has just passed out of the hotel porch and entered a carriage; it is finished with an extensive bow of real old lace, and the hat going with it of purple chenille interwoven with black straw, and trimmed with a sable's tail, a long black ostrich-feather, and much ivory lace. Another smart hat is near me; the brim is chinchilla, overhung here and there with white lace; an immense gold buckle sits round the crown in front, holding in place a bow of soft white silk; away from this on the left passes a white and on the right stretches a black, long ostrich-feather, and the hat finally is trimmed under the brim on the left with red roses. This hat keeps company with an Empire sac coat

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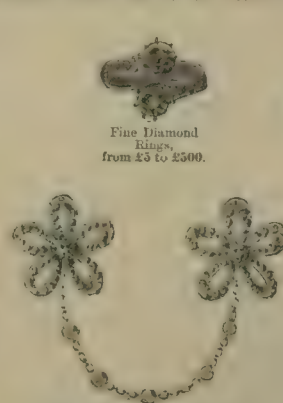
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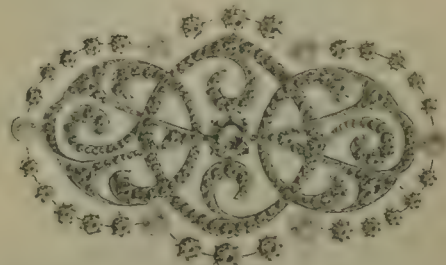
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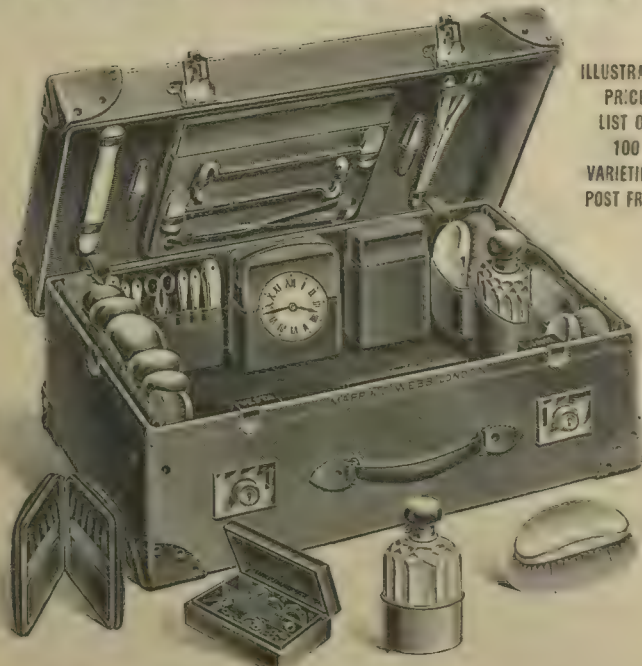
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in fawn cloth having chinchilla revers, and a black skirt, of which there is only visible the much-tucked flounce. A purple face-cloth coat and skirt, with revers of paler purple panne spotted with white, is a good dress. Little Eton coats and boleros in astrakhan, with spade fronts, often with revers and collar of ermine, are plentiful and always look well beside the sea. But Brighton in November is not what it was once.

A great feature in fashion both in London and Paris just now is the ruffle, or boa. Many of these dainty trilles are about the price of a moderate mantle—six or seven guineas and upwards. Nothing under three pounds is fit to wear. They are built immensely full and bushy, and are not intended to be worn closed round the throat, but falling from the shoulders; in fact, they are decorative rather than protective. The substance of the ruffle is usually a soft silk, but the full and fluffy flutings are edged in different cases with many and various trimmings. Chenille cord is one of the most usual, and then the ruffle will terminate with many loops of the same chenille on each end—twenty or more falling to the knee or lower on both sides. The chenille is sometimes well replaced by an edging of fur; chinchilla looks well on a white silk ruffle—sable or mink on brown, and ermine on black. A series of rows of gathered tulle or lace finish off a few ruffles. The handsomest one of all that I have seen was in my Paris milliner's room; it was of the daintiest shade of rose-pink silk, crépe, and made up into the semblance of gigantic monthly roses with a diamond dewdrop contriving each one; the "dingle-dangles" from the ends, falling down the front of the dress, were rose-pink chenille; this was specially made to wear with a gown in pastel-blue cloth embroidered with blue and silver, which a very smart Parisienne was to appear in at a wedding.

Winter festivities in the country and the pleasant little parties that town knows out of the season demand new evening dress, and my illustrations are therefore apropos. That diaphanous gown of white chiffon is an elegant creation, with its simulated zouave and skirt trimming in coloured satin and dark velvet appliqué, outlined with pearls, rows of pearls holding the draperies in place. The black pleated chiffon is an effective gown, too, relieved as it is by embroideries on tunic and bodice in gold, silver, and turquoises; while the flounce is lightly touched with gold and silver sequins. Gold is used to brighten up most evening as well as day gowns, and gold tissues of the most supple and diaphanous order are ready to combine with net, muslin, tulle, or silk, into confections for the smarter occasions. Gold lace, too, is to be found in designs of various sorts, some solid and heavy in imitation of old rose-point, some light and airy, as fine almost as net. In fact, more or less gold is almost indispensable in every smart toilette at the moment.

A book called "Women and Economics" has been sent me, in which, with the usual lack of appreciation by women of the value of their own sex's contribution to

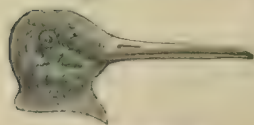


AN EVENING GOWN OF BLACK CHIFFON.

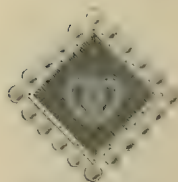
the world's work, the authoress argues that the wife and mother does not "economically" earn her own support. It will be a sad day for the race if ever this theory be practically accepted, and women in general leave their households to paid housekeepers, and their babies in batches to paid attendants. Tender instincts teach even the more thoughtless and selfish mothers how to behave better to their babies than indifferent hirelings will do. Fresh from reading this absurd book, I walked along Hove sea-front in the furious south-west wind; I saw numbers of little children in that sort of "mail-cart" and pram where the baby faces the nurse who drives it. The nurses were frequently standing to watch the effect of the dashing spray flinging great pebbles far over the promenade, and I noticed that in every case without exception the nurse turned her back to the wild wind, so that her own great strong adult lungs should move with ease, and to do this twisted round the "mail-cart" the other way, regardless of the fact that the delicate baby under her charge was thus exposed to the full whirlwind's force. A characteristic incident! But this is "economically" correctly taking care of children, no doubt—for all those careless, selfish girls were paid! The personal care of the mother is priceless—therefore unpriced. I am reminded of a story of the Duchess of Life, which came to me all but first-hand. Society was disturbed a few years ago by the case of a little child of high birth who was accidentally found to be covered with bruises inflicted by a brutal nurse. The Duchess said to a lady who was visiting her: "No nurse would be able to systematically bruise my children's bodies, for not many days go by that I do not wash them myself." The lady misunderstood, and remarked: "Do you really trouble to stay in the nursery, Ma'am, to watch their toilet?" "I did not say, 'I watch,'" replied H.R.H. emphatically; "I said, 'I wash them myself.'" "Economic" services in bringing up children are poor beside the mother's love. It is only to be regretted that, unfortunately, one cannot be quite always with the children. Other duties and interests must claim their share of our time and attention.

I wonder how much of the work of that admirable charity, the Surgical Aid Society, depends on some accident or ill-usage in childhood? A good deal, doubtless. The society supplies to sufferers too poor to pay the whole or part of the cost those innumerable expensive surgical appliances that nowadays can almost make good so many deficiencies of nature. Its clients are often the most industrious and independent of the working-class—men and women who would have passed through life without needing help from anybody but for some shocking accident. Disease, too, exists that can only be helped by expensive instruments worn constantly. The afflicted are often of a class far too poor to purchase what they need, and the help given them is the truest charity, as I am sure my readers will think if they send to the Secretary of the Surgical Aid Society, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, for the booklet that describes the society's work. PLOMENA.

JEWELLERS.



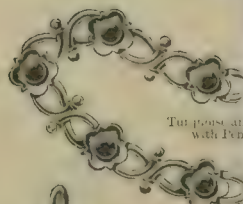
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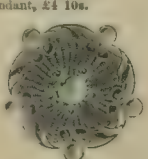
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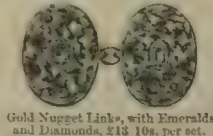
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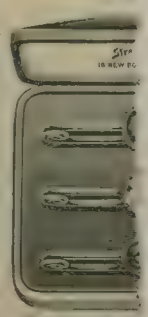
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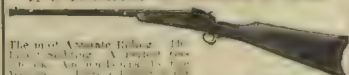
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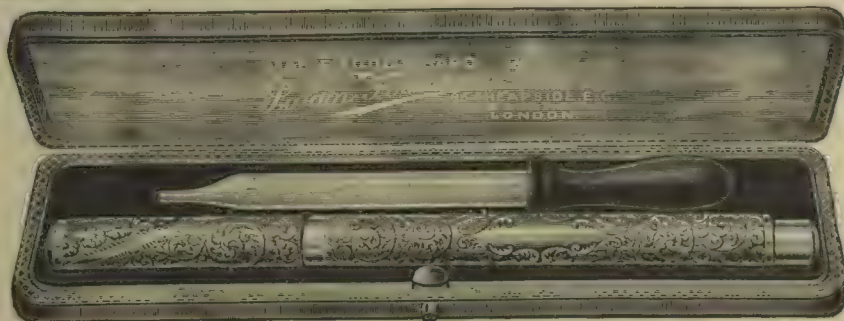
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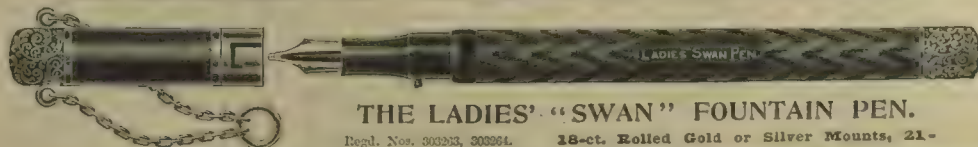
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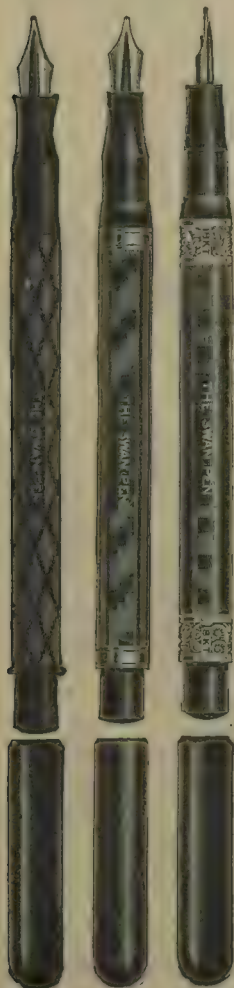
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WILLS AND REQUESTS.

The will (dated June 5, 1895), with two codicils (dated July 9 and Aug. 30, 1900), of Sir John Bennet Lawes, Bart., of Rothamstead, Herts., who died on Aug. 31, was proved on Nov. 1 by Sir Charles Bennet Lawes, the son, Miss Eberilda Creyke, the granddaughter; and Thomas Bennett, the executors, the value of the estate being £53,115. The testator gives his furniture and household effects, his property in Chelsea, and 400 fully paid-up shares in John Bennet Lawes and Co., Limited, to his son; the remainder of such shares to his grandchildren Diane Creyke, Sylvia Creyke, Eberilda Creyke, Walter Launcelot Creyke, and Lillian Hodgson, and his great-nephew Eustace Henry Tylston Hodgson; and £100 to Mrs. Hewson. The residue of his property, including that in Australia, he leaves to one half to his son, and one half between his five grandchildren.

The will (dated Oct. 16, 1890), with two codicils (dated Aug. 11, 1891, and May 9, 1893), of Mr. Richard Mallock, of Cockington Court, Cockington, Devon, M.P. for Torquay 1886 to 1895, who died on June 29, was proved on Oct. 27, at the District Registry, by the Rev. John Davis Mallock, the brother, and Arthur Thomas Mudge, the executors, the value of the estate being £131,319. The testator devises all his real estate to his son Charles Herbert Mallock for life, with remainder to such uses as he shall by deed or will appoint, and in default thereof to his first and other sons according to seniority in

tail male. He gives £700, an annuity of £100, his shares in the National Provincial Bank, and the use of his house called Lanscombe to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Emily Mallock; his interest in the South Devon Fruit Farm Company to his son Charles Herbert; £52 10s. each to his executors; and portions of £5000 are to be raised for each of his younger children. He appoints the funds of his first marriage settlement as to £5000 to his daughter Helen Mary, and the remainder thereof to his son Charles Herbert; and the funds of his second marriage settlement are to be divided between all his children by his second wife. The residue of his personal estate is to follow the trusts of his real estate.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1899) of Mr. Benjamin Noakes, of Hope Cottage, North Hill, Highgate, who died on May 10, was proved on Nov. 6 by Mrs. Mary Ann Noakes, the widow, William Noakes, and George Gregor Grant, the executors, the value of the estate being £64,190. The testator gives his executors power to carry on his business, at Bernondsey and Bristol, of an iron-cask manufacturer, and during the life of his wife the following annuities are to be paid: £700 to his wife, £150 to Emily Margaret Harris, £120 to Mary Eleanor Grant and Sarah Jane Grant; and the survivor of them, £140 to Sarah Noakes, £40 each to Arthur and James Noakes, £60 to George Gregor Grant, £65 to the three daughters of his deceased brother James, and £900 to William Noakes while he shall manage such business. He bequeathes £100, his furniture

and effects, horses and carriages, and income from certain leasehold property in Bernondsey to his wife; £100 to William Noakes; and £50 to George Gregor Grant. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife. At her death he gives £150 per annum for life to Emily Margaret Harris; £120 per annum for life to Mary Eleanor Grant and Sarah Jane Grant, and the survivor of them; and the ultimate residue is to be divided into thirty-five parts, seventeen of which he gives to William Noakes, ten to the children (except Henry) of his brother James, four to Sarah Noakes, and four to George Gregor Grant.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1900) of Dame Jane Amelia Duke, of 11, Cadogan Square, and Brunswick Terrace, Hove, widow of Sir James Duke, Bart., who died on Oct. 11, was proved on Nov. 3 by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry R. Twyford, the husband, the value of the estate being £63,258. The testatrix gives £6000 each, upon trust, for her daughters Adelaide Dundas Errington, Amelia Montague Munday, and Georgina Emily Carr; and £500 to her son Sir James Duke. The residue of her property she leaves to her husband.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1900) of the Worshipful Richard Saul Ferguson, Chancellor of the Diocese of Carlisle, of 71, Lowther Street, Carlisle, who died on March 1, has been proved at the Carlisle District Registry by Charles John Ferguson, the brother, and Charles Courtenay Hodgson, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £18,199. The testator bequeaths £6000,

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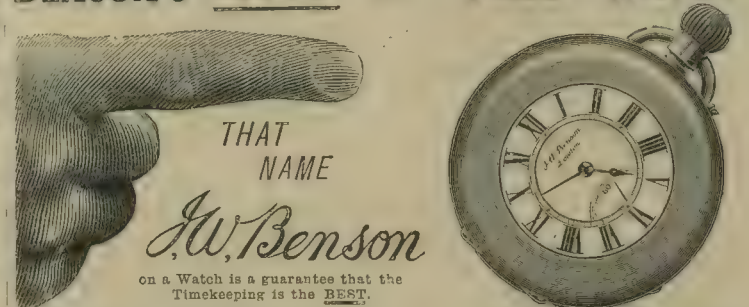
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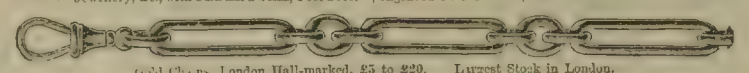
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upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Margaret Josephine Millard for life, and then as she shall appoint to her children; his household furniture and effects between his son and daughter; £100 per annum to Georgiana Fanny Ferguson; and the "Annals of the House of Percy," "Excursions at Cranborne Chase," "Journals of the Lord and Commons," Hutchinson's "History of Cumberland," the Cumberland and Westmorland M.P.'s, the framed plans of Carlisle and Appleby, and other works to the Carlisle Free Library. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Spencer Chase.

The will (dated Aug. 21, 1895) of Mr. James Guthrie, of 6, Broadwater Down, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Sept. 4, was proved on Nov. 1 by Mrs. Sophia Cumming Guthrie, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £23,814. The testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated May 27, 1895) of Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick James Taggart Hutchinson, of 46, Princes Gate, South Kensington, who died on Sept. 23, was proved on Nov. 5 by Miss Amy Hamilton Hutchinson, the daughter, the sole executrix, the value of the estate being £61,664. The testator gives all his property to his two daughters Amy and Mrs. Edith Letitia Shute in equal shares.

The will (dated April 25, 1894) of Mr. Arthur Bailey Thompson, of Sumatra, Dover Road, Parkstone, Dorset, who died on Sept. 3, was proved on Oct. 15, at the Blandford District Registry, by Mrs. Mary Thompson, the

widow, the executrix, the value of the estate being £21,367. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his wife.

The will of Mr. John Wingfield Todd, of Swanland Hall, Brough, Yorkshire, who died on Sept. 20 at Dieppe, was proved on Nov. 3 by William Hodgson, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £5991.

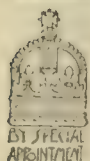
The will of Mr. Henry Peploe Feilden, of Leasingham House, Leasingham, Lincoln, who died on Aug. 18, was proved on Oct. 31, at the Lincoln District Registry, by Miss Anne Maria Feilden, the sister, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £2305.

The staff of the Langman Hospital left Durban on the 10th inst. on the *Yorkshire* in charge of a hundred sick and wounded men. Mr. Langman has presented the whole equipment, tents, etc., to the Government, after maintaining the hospital for nine months in Bloemfontein and Pretoria, during which time over 1200 sick and wounded were treated.

We greatly regret that no acknowledgment was placed under the fine portrait of the Princess of Wales published in the War Number of *The Illustrated London News*. This full-length portrait of her Royal Highness is the work of Mr. Edward Hughes, and was painted at the request of the Prince of Wales, by whom it was exhibited in the Guildhall Exhibition of 1897.

MUSIC.

The Royal Choral Society gave the first concert of its thirtieth season on Nov. 8, having selected "Elijah" as the oratorio. The Choral Society is really the only one of any magnitude in London that devotes itself entirely to oratorio work, and would be appreciated for that fact alone. It is, however, on the basis of its artistic excellence that it demands attention, and under the direction of its conductor, Sir Frederick Bridge, it may be congratulated on being better than ever this year. Considering the volume of voices, there is a precision of attack and finish that is highly to be commended. In large choirs, as we have seen lately at big festivals, raggedness is so often noticeable; but here each phrase cut the air cleanly and sharply, and the waves of expression were refined and delicately marked, the diminuendos being specially good. The sopranos and contraltos were like bells in their clear softness. The chorus, "He, watching over Israel, slumbereth not nor sleeps," was in particular exactly like a far-away cathedral chime. If any part of the chorus need more vigour, it is the male voices; the tenors and the basses did not attack the basal chorus, for instance, with enough dramatic or realistic passion. The soloists were all excellent, and the trio, "Lift thine eyes," in which Miss Ella Russell, Miss Maggie Purvis, and Miss Clara Butt, with her magical deep voice, sang, was quite perfect. So was Miss Butt's solo, "O Rest in the Lord"; so was the quartet, "Cast thy Burden." One soloist's name was new in the Society's programme,



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Miss Edna Thornton, who won a storm of applause by her aria, "Woe unto them." In the interval between the first and second parts, the "Marche Funèbre" from Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor was played out of respect to the memory of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who was for so many years the president of the Royal Choral Society.

The second of the Saturday Popular Concerts on Saturday, Nov. 10, began with Mozart's Quartette in D minor for stringed instruments. Mr. A. J. Slocombe played the second violin, in the place of Mr. Haydn Inwards, who was ill, but in no way was the balance or finish of the quartette marred. Mr. Haller led. The quartette, with its andante second movement and its variations in the allegretto, or fourth movement, is so great a favourite with lovers of chamber-music that it justifies Haydn's comment on Mozart's powers of composition shown in his quartettes, that were all dedicated to Haydn as "the fruits of long and toilsome labour." Haydn, speaking to Mozart's father,

said, "I tell you, in the face of Heaven and as an honourable man, that I look upon your son as the greatest composer of whom I ever heard." Mr. Leonard Borwick played a study and the sketches of Schumann written for the pedal pianoforte. They are severe classical examples of Schumann's work at the time when his reverence for Bach's genius was so great that he himself acknowledges the marked influence it had on his style. The audience were so delighted with Mr. Borwick's ingenuity in these academic pieces of work that they demanded and obtained an encore. The Hon. Margaret Henniker sang with a gentle refinement and taste, though not with much vitality, two of Brahms's songs, one "Die Nachtigall," and one of Strauss.

On the same afternoon, at the Queen's Hall, Mr. Robert Newman's second Symphony Concert was given before a very large audience who had gathered partly to hear M. Ysaye play the leading violin part in Beethoven's Violin Concerto. The enthusiasm was extraordinary, but

M. Ysaye showed great wisdom in refusing an encore. His breadth of tone and phrasing were matchless, and it amounts now to a platitude to say that Mr. Wood's orchestra was perfection. It played Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," Beethoven's overture to "Egmont," and ended with Tschalkowsky's "Capriccio Italien." Madame Amy Sherwin sang well Leo Delibes sparkling song, "Les Filles du Cadi."

Mr. Donald Tovey, in his second concert in the St. James's Hall, appeared in two of his rôles—that of pianist and of author of the music essays he modestly calls analytical notes—but not in his third—that of composer. His playing grows on an attentive listener; for concealed, as it were, in its smoothness and restrained style is a delicacy of accurate phrasing and a refinement that is almost fastidious but always enchanting. He played Beethoven's Sonata in E flat major, and Schumann's "Novelletto" in F sharp minor. Miss Marie Fillunger was his vocalist.

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CHLOROXYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chloroxyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to—see the "Times," July 13, 1894.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLOROXYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. P. Davernport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chloroxyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1893.

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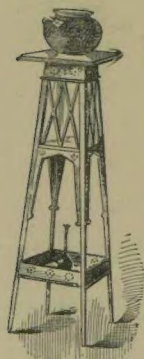
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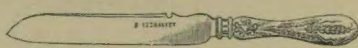
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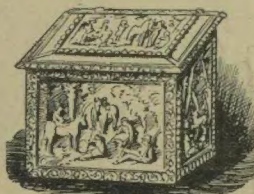
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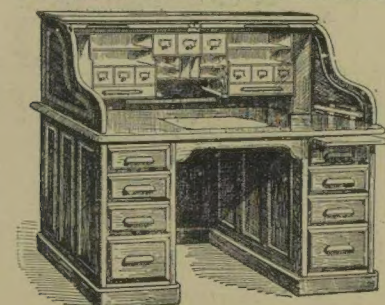
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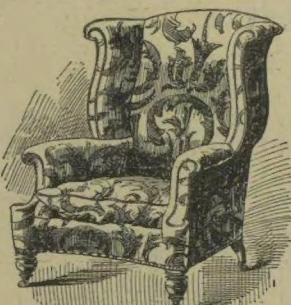
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Rev. W. H. Weekes, Rector of Mafeking, preached last week at St. Matthew's, Westminster, on behalf of the Diocese of Lebombo, South Africa. Mr. Weekes is hoping soon to return to his parish. Three of his brothers are in holy orders, and one, the Rev. Charles Weekes, will accompany him as curate of the new church at Mafeking.

Canon Driver read a remarkable paper at the jubilee of New College, Hampstead, on "The Old Testament in the Light of To-day." While pointing out that the inerrancy of Scripture is a principle which is nowhere asserted or claimed by Scripture itself, he maintained that the great theological truths of the Old Testament are absolutely untouched by critical investigation. Canon Driver had a most attentive and appreciative audience, and

the luminous simplicity of his address was much admired, alike by professors and students.

Bishop Mitchinson, who has for nineteen years done admirable work in the diocese of Peterborough, has sent a letter to the Bishop resigning his duties. He finds that the varied responsibilities which fall to him as Master of Pembroke and Canon of Gloucester make it impossible for him to continue in the post of Assistant Bishop of Peterborough. He will be greatly missed by many friends in Leicestershire and other parts of the diocese.

Regret is felt that the Bishop of London should be troubled during his illness with a series of threatened ritual prosecutions; but it is difficult to see how he can prevent the law from taking its course in the case of clergymen who openly defy the Archbishop's judgment

with regard to incense and the reserved sacrament. Each of the three clergymen who have been selected for attack is doing noble work in a very necessitous district of London, and it is much to be regretted that any action of theirs should open the door for litigation. The Church Association, it is stated, has taken no part in the proceedings, and does not view them with sympathy.

Canon Wilberforce has been appointed to the Archdeaconry of Westminster, vacant by the death of Canon Furse.

The annual meeting of the Christian Social Union will be held at Leeds on the 26th of this month. The Bishops of Ripon and Durham, Canon Gore, and Canon Scott Holland are to be the principal speakers. V.

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